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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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"FIRST IN AMERICA"

STAMPED across the tickets of admission to the aviation camp at Dominguez Field are the significant words, "First in America," which tells the proud story of what Los Angeles has accomplished in attracting to her borders the giants of achievement in the line of aerial navigation, thus leading the country in enterprise. Day after day the great interest taken by all sorts and conditions of people is readily demonstrated by the vast concourse of spectators in attendance, which, overflowing the grand stand, with a seating capacity of twelve thousand, gives more than as many again in row upon row of onlookers in automobiles, carriages, and on foot, forming a living barrier on three sides of the spacious field. No less inspiring than the daring operators in mid air are these serried ranks of avid watchers, whose unconcealed enthusiasm for the new sport of flying is portentous of the future, when the art of aviation shall have overcome all difficulties and timid doubters.

Swift as a bird in full flight, and in the distance appearing every whit as graceful, the oncoming aeroplane in perfect control of the aviator, rides the air at any desired height, and with far more safely, apparently, than the automobile hugging terra firma, several hundred feet below the extended canvas wings. It is a sight well calculated to cause the blood to flow faster, even in the veins of the most sluggish. Never deviating from a chosen course, answering instantly to the direction of the steersman, this new creature of the air is as though endowed with life itself, so responsive is it to the slightest indicated wish of the controlling power. Small wonder that with each succeeding day's exhibit of man's ingenuity and ability to cleave the azure unscathed, the clamor to participate in these intoxicating flights measurably increases.

What an age is this! Hardly has the telephone been supplanted in wonder by wireless telegraphy, scarcely has the electric railroad yielded in novelty to the ingenious and powerful autocar, when, lo! a later invention, more amazing in our

eyes than all that have preceded, greets us in the saucy flying machine! Surely, this is the limit of man's daring, of his insolent assumption of superiority over the elements! The north pole, which has been an ignis fatuus to arctic ocean navigators for several hundred years, suddenly yields to a twentieth century explorer and is a mystery no longer! The air, through which men have essayed to rise and glide ever since Montgolfier ascended in a fire balloon in 1782, is found meekly bearing the modern inventor on its im-palpable bosom, and we who now look with eyes astart and mouth agape at the unusual spectacle, will, in a few years, doubtless, have become so inured to the sight that our heads will barely incline half a point upward as a human cloud for the moment comes between us and the sun. It is an era of seeming miracles!

To what limits will this inventive spirit attain, and of what profit the present aviation meet? To the first question man's wildest imagination fails to give answer. The second query is far easier to grapple with, but, after all, the reply belongs in the speculative realm. Ocular demonstration of what man has accomplished is more educational and convincing than reams of printed description, and to this extent the exhibit is an overwhelming success. Thousands upon thousands of spectators have witnessed that which, less than a decade ago, few of us dreamed of living to see. What next? Who shall dare say, having experienced so much of an advance, that, ere another decade passes, the flying machine of the future may not be just as much of a commercial utility as the automobile has been demonstrated to be. Certainly, our poor finite mind will not venture to scoff at the possibilities which may be in store for human kind in the line of aerial navigation.

WHICH HAS THE GREATER NEED?

HERE is hope for Los Angeles. From the Portland Spectator we gather that Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher is about to desert that corner of Oregon included in the Lord's vineyard, and, bearing his pruning hook and sprayer, or prayer—Editor Hume may have been perpetrating a double entendre, he is quite capable of it—is hastening southward to snatch this city from the clutches of sin and satan. By what process of reasoning the editor of the Spectator reaches the conclusion that Dr. Brougher will find the per capita sin much greater here than in his own city is not apparent. Our stables have been thoroughly cleansed of late; and mild-eyed reform sits triumphant in the executive chair of the municipality, and, save for a few backsliders who have been disappointed in their prospective ravishment of the political loaves and fishes, not a sinner's head is above the surface. Here is the semi-Humorous pen picture given of this model burg:

Los Angeles is desperately wicked. Crime is rampant down there. The recall has just been used on the mayor, and it was found that the police had been grafting. Prize fighting is permitted. The liquor traffic flourishes. Theaters are open on Sunday. At the windows of the redlight district Perditas tap to attract the attention of the passer. The newspapers print all the scandals they can lay their pens to. Sunday baseball is popular. The papers publish advertising as objectionable as their news stories. Every night drunken men are arrested on the street. And vice displays itself in other and various forms. So, you see, Los Angeles is very wicked—and needs the services of Dr. Brougher.

What a fearful libel on this most respectable community! What reckless untruths, even though uttered in jest! Police grafting? Why, did not a jury whitewash the officer charged with participating in the alleged Harper-Kern administration rake-off? It was clearly proved that the cash he received on one specific occasion was lent to him by a doctor who was himself a borrower at his bank. He swore that he took it out of his

strong box, kept in a safety deposit vault, on a certain day, although the keeper of the records testified that not only was the doctor not in the vault that day, but he had not been near the place in six months. However, that was a mere technicality, of course, and was not considered by the jury after the eloquent lawyer for the defense had fired his harangue and fallen back.

As for prize fighting, we believe in patronizing the noble art of self-defense, and as all finish fights and decisions are forbidden by local statute, we leave ipse dixits in the hands of the spectators or to the wicked sporting editor of one of the pernicious dailies catering to such affairs. It is true theaters are open Sundays, but the shows are no whit worse on the Sabbath than during the week. As to the redlight district, that is a myth, a has-been. We have no Perditas here any more. These lost souls have all joined the Salvation Army or else are moving in high society circles incognito.

Newspaper scandals, alas, do flourish, but think how beautifully they are written! Always, the flower of the staff is turned loose on a choice morsel of this description, and the English language never is more scintillant than when a first-page local story, dealing with intrigue and divorce, is printed. Our people are nothing if not literary, and all such effusions are carefully studied by our best people looking for culture's pure food label. Sunday baseball is not popular here the year round—only in the proper season. As for objectionable advertising, well, the fact is we called attention to this unfortunate tendency last week, so that charge may as well be admitted. But have we not successfully disproved all the other counts?

We predict that Dr. Brougher soon will discover how comparatively free from sin is Los Angeles when contrasted with the Portland of which, in a recent sermon he remarked, "the most shameless expression of sin was seen in this city last Friday night. Men and women," he declared, "caroused in the grills in a most depraved way. . . . So-called respectable people were the leaders in this drunken orgy."

What a pity that this good doctor of divinity insists on leaving a community so palpably in need of his uplifting ministrations, for this redeemed and regenerated city! He should stay north and enter on a campaign of reform, beginning with Editor Hume's sanctum and never ceasing in his endeavors until even the Oregonian staff is brought to see the error of its ways, particularly in regard to the political sins of which the Oregonian is guilty.

SUGGESTION TO THE DEMOCRATS

WE HAVE read with considerable interest the report of the committee on resolutions of the Democratic state conference which was adopted by the party leaders in session at San Francisco last Saturday. Those fulminations dealing with a more effective control of transportation companies, "looking to the prevention of excessive rates and discriminations," have a familiar ring. In truth, they might as well have been a clause from the Republican-party's representative in the White House, contained in his recent message to congress. No matter, the doctrine is sound enough and worthy of being indorsed by either political organization. Whether the Democrats would act any more swiftly or surely in giving the people lower rates and preventing the discriminations complained of is doubtful. They are powerful strong on resoluting, but sad laggards at performing when the opportunity comes their way we have noticed.

As to the popular election of United States senators, the state direct primary will come near to giving the people that opportunity. True, the present law is not ideal, but it is a long step in the right direction, and with the elimination from

future legislative assemblies of the machine men responsible for the undesirable amendments that hamper the present direct primary law, it will be possible to remould the existing statute into a more perfect form. The good government wing of the Republican party may be relied upon to accomplish this at an early date. It is gaining in strength all over the state, and soon will dominate the party. Once in power, all the reforms extolled by the Democratic committee on resolutions will be carried out, for there is no party tag on the several items.

For instance, retrenchment in public expenditures will follow when political greed no longer stalks hungrily up and down the state, demanding a share of the party spoils. A more equal and uniform taxation is promised in the new method of taxation, for which the people will have a chance to vote at the next general election. It has been defeated once, through a lack of knowledge on the subject, but when fully understood by the people we believe the measure will carry by a large majority. The same faction in the Republican party that has been successful in electing a reform mayor in Los Angeles is heartily in favor of the direct legislation indorsed by the Democratic committee, and if successful in the state campaign it is certain that the initiative, referendum and recall will be given to the entire state.

These recommendations noted, then, are by no means *sui generis* with the Democrats. They appeal with equal force to the Republican who is first a good citizen and as it is far more likely that affiliation with the good government wing of the dominant party in the state and nation will effect these desirable reforms, we suggest that all Democrats, who are anxious to see them in force, join with the good government wing of the Republican organization. By electing to the legislature such of their candidates as are pledged to the carrying out of the excellent principles enunciated early fruits of victory are assured. Unlike Mr. Taft, we prefer to see principles placed ahead of party. Perhaps many a Democrat is similarly affected.

PRESIDENT GIVES PINCHOT HIS CONGE
DOUBTLESS, President Taft believed he was justified in removing Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot from office, but the public will not readily concur. Right or wrong, the people have come to believe in Mr. Pinchot and the principles for which he has contended, his sturdy arguments in behalf of the conservation of America's natural resources finding an answering echo in countless breasts. It is hard to make these admirers of the Pinchot policy believe their hero is deserving of the summary treatment he has received, and the majority will resent with a long memory what they regard as an act of inspired retaliation on the part of the President. That Mr. Taft has been misled by the unfortunate councillors he has chosen to assemble about him is highly probable. Despite the warnings he has received, he seems to prefer to incline toward Cannon's sophistries and Aldrich's subtleties rather than, McKinley-wise, keep on ear to the ground in the direction of the people. He is on dangerous territory.

What has Mr. Pinchot done to merit this drastic action of his chief, after the good service he has rendered the country? In the first place, he was not in sympathy with the policy of Secretary Ballinger of the interior department, whose affiliations, prior to his assumption of a cabinet position, were, to say the least, hardly en rapport with his own views. Next, he ignored the recommendations of his immediate superior, the secretary of agriculture, who advised Mr. Pinchot against the transmission of a letter to the senate, through Senator Dolliver, in which two subordinate officials of the forestry service, who had aided in promulgating the magazine articles against Secretary Ballinger, were shown to have received a reprimand, but not a dismissal, as was sought, for their conduct. This was considered by Mr. Taft as an act of insubordination, amounting to disloyalty, since it reflected upon his administration. The Glavis charges, upon which the magazine articles were based, involved, as all know, the secretary of the interior, Mr. Ballinger,

whom the President had practically absolved of all corrupt intent in regard to the so-called Cunningham coal claims in Alaska.

From the presidential viewpoint, Mr. Pinchot committed error. Whether he was justified in his course time and the investigations of congress will show. Undoubtedly, Mr. Pinchot felt that his first duty was to the country. He believed a great wrong had been committed, to combat which required the ignoring of all conventions. This he indicated in his address to his associates, following the receipt of his dismissal from office, in which he advised them to "hold fast to the standard we have set together; never allow yourselves to forget that you are serving a much greater master than the department of agriculture or even the administration." He told them their first duty was to the people of the United States, to whom alone they were responsible.

This may be treason to the party leader, but if that leader is badly advised and, in the language of the street, is "in wrong," Mr. Pinchot took the only course possible to bring the matter to a focus, and by so doing thoroughly to arouse the people. That congress does not trust the Cannon policy—which to all intents and purposes the President has made his own, by helping to re-elect the speaker—is shown by the repudiation of the Dalzell resolution authorizing the autocrat of the house to name the committee that, conjointly with the senate, is to investigate the charges against Secretary Ballinger. Coming at such a crisis in the party's history, this rebuke to the speaker cannot be regarded as other than highly significant. The house has felt the pulse of the country and is quick to perceive the trend. Cannon's rule is broken; the speaker is not to be trusted. Moreover, the people have lost faith in the President. His dismissal of Mr. Pinchot, prior to the congressional hearing, which may or may not absolve Mr. Ballinger, is the culmination of a series of administration blunders that began with the signing of the buncomb tariff bill.

No matter how the Ballinger controversy may be decided, the split in the party grows wider and wider. Long ago, we predicted that the political situation at Washington this winter was likely to be tense, but the sensational developments that have come to the surface of late have surprised everybody. Attempts which have been made to prove that it is all part of a plot to discredit the President in the interests of Theodore Roosevelt are not tenable. Mr. Taft has dug his own political grave. He turned the first shovelful of dirt when he evaded his pre-election promises. He continued the excavation when he lauded the mock revision of the tariff in his Winona speech. He dug deeper when he placed his party before principle, and when he began campaigning for ship subsidies he was in a pretty deep trench. Possibly, he can extricate himself by his recommendations for railroad legislation, which, if followed, should redound to the good of the public, but we have our doubts.

TRUE AND FALSE REPUBLICANS

WHAT constitutes a Republican these days? Is that man a better Republican who blindly follows the trail of Cannon or of Aldrich, irrespective of the principles involved, or is the one who places principle before the self-appreciative party leaders the stancher and truer Republican? This question is forced upon the thinking men of that political persuasion by the announced intention of the standpat leaders, and apparently approved by the President, to "read out" of the Republican party those insurgent members who decline to accept the Cannon and Aldrich point of view as their own, and whose aim is to destroy the autocratic system of control, both in the house of representatives and in the senate.

To represent the so-called insurgents as opposed to President Taft's administration and policies surely is a gratuitous accusation. Wherein have they gone counter to Mr. Taft's views, and what are his policies, pray? Because they refused to acquiesce in the humbugging tariff bill which the President signed, was that an act of disloyalty? Not when we consider that the Republican party in its platform was pledged to an honest revision of the tariff, which Mr. Taft, in his pre-election speeches, defined as meaning re-

vision downward. Who is the better Republican, the "insurgent" who scorned to approve the "gold brick" compilation prepared by Senator Aldrich and his coterie of standpatters, or the President, who, professing he would ne'er consent, consented, and signed the bill, after exacting a few concessions thoughtfully arranged for in advance?

If the test of Republicanism is an uncompromising adherence to high tariff doctrines, then there are hundreds of thousands of men affiliated with that party who are as emphatically in revolt against that obnoxious and unfair creed as the few courageous men in congress known to be in open rebellion. We deny that the "best" Republican is the one who blindly receives what the "interests" fling to him as the gospel he must perforce accept or be rejected, "read out" of the party. What nonsense! The rank-and-file too long have been kept in ignorance of what the insidious policy of "protection" meant to them. For years they have been metaphorically licking the hand that was chastising them. Now they are seeing a great light; they recognize how they have been duped, shamelessly robbed that a few might wax rich. When they saw the plutocracy their contributions have created rolling in riches, they were told, "this is prosperity, made so by the glorious principle of protection."

In a measure, it was true; but the prosperity that has ensued has been of a one-sided nature. Its virus reached only a certain privileged class, whose membership was of the clique that reaped the benefits of the high tariffs. The consumer is working harder than ever, but even if his salary is higher—"high wages" is one of the cunning lures of the beguilers—he buys so much less for his money that he is poorer in purse than when under a low tariff his income was measurably reduced.

How stupid of the party leaders, the fatuous Mr. Taft, who, alas, sees no further than his jolly stomach, to imagine for a moment that depriving the progressives in the house and senate of political perquisites, of reading them out of the party, will stop the clamor for a fair deal to the masses! Such action simply adds fuel to the flames. There is a power behind this handful of men in congress mightier than all of the interests, stronger than the President and all the selfish cohorts who are in league to perpetuate a wicked graft. It is folly to send out carefully prepared "news" dispatches from Washington that the country is with the President in this attempt to discipline honest representatives. A fig for such nonsense! The country will show its teeth at the next congressional election, and the men who have voted to uphold Cannonism, as our own representative, McLachlan, has done, in season and out, will wonder what has happened when he takes to the stump to explain his conduct. He and his kind, however, may not discover the temper of his constituents until the votes are counted.

GRAPHITES

In his message to congress, dealing with commercial and railroad conditions in this country, the President has illuminated a subject in which his legal mind is on safer ground than when considering political complications. That decisions shall not lag in railroad objections to interstate commerce commission rulings, the establishment of a federal court of commerce is recommended, to be composed of five jurists chosen from among the circuit court judges of the United States. He declares that it is the intention of the government to persist in its efforts to dissolve combinations formed in restraint of trade; also, that suppression of competition, controlling of prices and attempts to monopolize interstate commerce and business are inimical to the good of the country, and must be restrained by punishment. High rates in the end have to be met by the public. The shippers may complain of excessive charges, but, after all, they can and do fall back on the consumer, by adding the freight rates to the first cost, so that the people eventually pay the bill. There is nothing new in this. Both in theory and in practice it is a long-standing condition. Possibly, Mr. Taft has noted the same thing in the high tariff, which we have been told by the stalled standpatters is not a tax on the consumer, since the duties are met by the foreign manufac-

turers. This is untrue. As with the interstate commerce shipper, the duties are added to the cost of the goods, and the purchaser in this country must foot the bill. Coming and going, in every instance, the consumer is the sacrificial lamb. Yet it has been the consumer's fault, down to date, that this state of affairs has been allowed to continue. It is now his move.

How wide apart the President and Gifford Pinchot are may be better noted by the late chief forester's arraignment of Congressman Tawney of Minnesota, who is accused by Pinchot of "betraying the future" by means of the Tawney amendment that cut off the appropriation for conservation work. This is the same Tawney whom the President lauded in his extraordinary Winona speech, wherein he characterized the new tariff law as the "best" one ever enacted by the Republican party. But, then, Tawney is a Cannon adherent, and so also is the President, more's the pity.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROB ROSS

[Robert E. Ross, son of the distinguished Judge Erskine M. Ross of the United States circuit court, a graceful writer and author of many charming stories and poems, is touring the world with a view to gaining impressions for a book of travel sketches. His refreshingly original observations will appear exclusively in *The Graphic* by special arrangement with this talented Los Angelan.—Editor.]

III. HONG KONG.

THIS is a typical Southern California day—blue sky, soft air, even the oranges are not missing, for there is a vendor's cart under my window, piled high with fragrant tangerines. My last letter was written from Shanghai, sitting before an open fire, toasting my shins, for it was cold there, with a suggestion of snow in the air. A few degrees of longitude (or is it latitude?) make a great difference in temperature.

The river life in China is most interesting. For miles along the banks of the Whangpoo, in Shanghai, the sampans form another, and floating, city. Pigs, chickens and children alike are tied to the boats by a cord attached to the leg, to keep them from straying and to prevent them from falling overboard.

It is impossible to plough a straight furrow in China—at least for any distance—for the ploughman needs must frequently swerve his share to avoid the graves, which are scattered at random and in great number over all the fields, often in the most inappropriate places.

How the situs of the dead Celestial's grave is decided upon is to me a mystery. It seems to be left to chance, or, perhaps, the bearers, becoming weary, drop the coffin and the interment takes place in some haphazard spot—a sort of linear measurement of the fealty of one's friends! In a literal sense, they are not graves, for the wooden coffin is deposited on the surface of the ground, and walled over with brick and mortar.

* * *

I heard a good Kipling story in Shanghai; which may bear repeating. It seems that the famous Rudyard, on a visit to Shanghai, met up one evening with convivial friends, and, after wining and dining wisely and well, the company set forth to one of those numerous Shanghai resorts, where a willingness to open wine is the only entree needed.

Mr. Kipling held up his end nobly with the champagne, for which, according to the custom of the east, he signed "chits," or wine cards. The party broke up when "the dawn came up like thunder," and wended their several ways hotelward. A few days later, Kipling was handed an envelope, which, when opened, was found to contain the wine chits that he had signed on the evening aforementioned.

Without cash or comment, he endorsed on one of the chits: "Chits and wine opened by mistake," and signed it "Rudyard Kipling." The recipient of the repudiated chits sold the endorsement for a price that more than repaid the cost of the wine. Such is the privilege of genius!

* * *

From Shanghai to Hong Kong, a voyage of

three days, the ship is seldom out of sight of land, for a string of barren, rocky islands parallels the coast—the island of Formosa forming the other side of the channel. The approach to the harbor of Hong Kong is by means of a somewhat restricted channel, guarded on either side by the most menacing, barren, bleak and rocky coast lines that I have ever seen. Along the shore the sullen sea, thwarted by the frowning cliffs, sends its snowy spume far up on the rocks, forming a line of gleaming white that rims the channel as far as the eye can see.

Hong Kong—the largest port in the world in point of the tonnage of cargo handled—is not nearly so fine, nor so large a city as Shanghai. It is built on a precipitous island of about twenty-seven miles in circumference—the business section of the town following in general the line of the Bund, or waterfront, whence it climbs terrace-wise to the summit of the hills, or the Peak, as it is called. The streets are wide and well paved, and many of them shaded with rows of stately trees, from the branches of which a curious moss depends, not unlike the "Spanish moss" of our California oaks. The city is substantially built of stone and brick, the brick being of a much poorer quality than that employed in Shanghai, which is a most superior article.

From the Bund level of the city to the summit of the island a cable incline railway extends, similar to that of Mount Lowe. The trip to the top occupies seven and one-half minutes—the cars traveling half as fast again as do the Mount Lowe cars. On the Peak is built an hotel of that name, whence a magnificent view of the island, the surrounding harbor and its shipping, may be had.

Also at the Peak Hotel one may have a wee nippy, if one winks at the Chink bartender, for they have no liquor license there. It is the old "sandwich" game, and I imagine the place simply hungers for our earnest, if misguided young friend, "Tom" Woolwine.

The hotels of Hong Kong are very poor, compared to those of Japan. In fact, they are abominable—dismal stone barns of rambling construction, within which one finds neither good cheer nor modern conveniences. The table could not well be worse. For tiffin one has a choice of overdone mutton chop and an imitation curry, and for dinner the monotony is varied by a choice of imitation curry and overdone mutton chop.

If one puts up at the Hong Kong Hotel, one wishes he had gone to the King Edward, and vice versa.

* * *

Hong Kong is a garrison town—British, if you please—and there are forts at the harbor entrance, and barracks, and warships in the roadstead, and Tommy Atkinses, and a little of all that goes to make England's brawn. The hotels and streets and public houses—don't forget the public houses—are leavened with more than a sprinkling of English army officers; cocky little chaps in snug-fitting red jackets and tighter trousers, looking for all the world like a lot of cock robins. They all carry bamboo canes, with which they whack the inoffensive coolies who happen in their swagging way. One wonders why the coolies don't turn upon them and wring their bally necks, which they might easily do, for the officers look a poor lot, physically.

Nor does the Hong Kong Tommy Atkins show up much better—they that parade the streets here, and the ones I have seen playing imitation football, are a scrawny lot.

Pretzels will be sold in Trafalgar Square one day, and the English will all turn tailors—for which they are well qualified, if one may judge from Bond street!

* * *

If good old St. Patrick should ever be reincarnated, he will have a job ahead of him in this same island of Hong Kong. There are snakes here! Whurroo! Not only the kind that are spawned in public houses—though there's a many of those here, too—but real, live, crawling, venomous snakes!

The island is full of 'em! From a local morning paper (South China Morning Post) of even date I quote, in part, from a lecture on "The Snakes of Hong Kong," delivered at the Chinese Y. M. C. A. last evening by Dr. J. G. Thomson:

Many of the colubrine group of snakes were shown. This group, he explained, included the great majority of the snake family and nearly the whole of the Hong Kong snakes. The lecturer described briefly the divisions of the group and thereafter many others—the venomous "crait" cobra, sea snakes, "hydrus major," "pelamis bicolor," etc. Finally, he stated that the only form of the viper group, the deadliest of all snakes at present in Hong Kong, was the bamboo snake ("trimeresurus gramineus"). There were, he said, several varieties of this snake in the colony, varying in color and imitating the color of the foliage

in which they hid themselves, all of them being climbing tree vipers. Speaking of their habits, he said they were sluggish and not willing to bite, but when roused would bite furiously.

* * *

The newspapers of the east are a joke. They consist, usually, of four pages, of which three and three-fourths pages contain nothing but marine intelligence, mail notices, copies of the hotel registers, and ads of "godowns" for lease, and in the remaining quarter page perhaps a few "dispatches" of date several weeks ultimo. Even the Los Angeles Record would be a real paper in this country!

If the newspapers are a joke, the laundries here are a pun—which is defined as a very poor joke, indeed—one has to shake dice to know what of one's linen has just been brought from the laundry, and what must go there; it all looks alike, except, perhaps, the freshly laundered is a bit more sooty. I am convinced that the "dhobies," as the washermen are called, use coal bins for tubs.

* * *

The island of Hong Kong is practically non-productive. A few vegetables are grown in patches here and there, and there are some granite quarries, from which stone is shipped to Macao and other points for building purposes. There is no game on the island.

Gambling in any form is illegal here, but in the Portuguese colony of Macao, three hours by steamer from Hong Kong, the visitor may lose his shekels at fan tan or roulette or monte or any other old way—the essential fact being that he will lose them.

* * *

The shops here are numerous and most interesting. Queen's road, which is the principal shopping street, is lined with them for two miles or so—tiny little shops, but filled with really fine things. Silk, embroidery, laces, ivories, linens, carved teak, cloisonne and Satsuma ware, silver and jade, in endless variety, and all beautiful.

I know little or nothing of the value of such things, but the prices seem to me to be pretty stiff. Then, too, the miserable system of bargaining is tiresome in the extreme, and distasteful to one accustomed to our direct methods of dealing.

For instance, if one fancies a bit of jade, and asks its price, the Chinese shopman will say "Seventy-five dollars." Then one laughs (or is supposed to) and offers twenty. One may buy it for fifteen. It is probably worth five. A safe and practical rule is said to be to cut the merchant's price in half and then take twenty percent off that. He will probably accept it after haggling a bit, and one will have bought one's goods dearly enough at that.

* * *

Vegetables are to be had in China in variety and abundance, but one is cautioned on every hand not to eat them, for in them lurks the danger of typhoid and cholera and other dread diseases.

Abstaining from their consumption is not so great a hardship after one has seen the method of fertilizing the truck gardens—ugh! And yet, I've seen the same thing practiced in our own Southern California, on the truck gardens of the Cudahy ranch, to the shame of Los Angeles, be it said.

* * *

When I think of the things that I've eaten since leaving home last July—of the chow that I've had to be content with—and then reflect on the dinners at the California Club, where the members used to raise a howl if the sirloin was a quarter of a minute overdone, or the steward had not used tarragon vinegar in mixing the salad; I tell you, when I think of these things, it makes my eyes wet, and puts me in a most contrite and apologetic frame of mind!

* * *

Chickens—live chickens—are a feature of many of the shops in the Chinese quarter. The wise birds seem to know their own doorsteps all right, and do not venture far away, but peck about contentedly at stray grains of rice that fall from the sacks.

In the country it is different, and the chickens, true to their nature, often "cross the road." To prevent his wily neighbors from claiming these visiting fowl as his own, John Chinaman adopts the plan of painting his chickens' wings with a color particularly his own. Thus, the wings of Woo Fat's flock are a bright cerulean, while the flock of his slant-eyed neighbor, Ming Gee's, sport wings as green as the flag of old Erin. The effect is comical, and the birds look as if they had been hatched from Easter eggs.

Which reminds me that the rooster did thrash the peacock. Sayonara. ROBERT E. ROSS. Hong Kong, December 3, 1909.

Famous War Chiefs I Have Known and Painted

BY E. A. BURBANK

III. CHIEF JOSEPH (Nez Perces)

[Indian name: HIN-MAH-TOO-YAH-LAT-KEKT—i.e., Thunder in the Mountains.]

CHIEF JOSEPH lived three miles from Nes Pilem, Wash., which was fifty miles from a railroad, and the Columbia river had to be crossed in a ferry, a big "dugout" canoe, manned by a Nes Pilem Indian, to reach the sub-agency.

At the time of my visit, in 1897, there were only four white men living at Nes Pilem, and they were in the Indian service for the government. When I told Chief Joseph what I wanted, he became silent, and asked for time to think it over.

He wore a Quaker hat and a bright red blanket and moccasins. He was stockily built, of medium height and with a pleasant, kindly expression on his face. He was one of the noblest characters I ever met, red or white, and to know him was to love him. He was never happier than when he had a lot of little Indian children gathered around him. He had two wives, one pretty well along in years, who remained at home and did the housework; the other was young and rather attractive, who always accompanied him on his trips. He lived in a rude, one-story, wooden shack of two rooms. He was very industrious, had good tillable land and raised lots of hogs. Many times I have seen him sitting on top of a load of hay.

Chief Joseph loved to tell of the time an army officer sent his boy out from the east to him to recuperate his health. The lad was to live outdoors, hunt and fish and get hardy. The father was a personal friend of Joseph, and put the lad wholly in his care. The old chief and the white boy soon became great cronies. They were always together; wherever Chief Joseph went the lad accompanied him, hunting, fishing and riding horseback. Joseph made a bow and arrows for his young charge, and taught him the Indian method of using them. He also taught him to speak the Nez Perce and Chinook languages. He remained with Joseph for a number of months, until he had entirely recovered his health.

Then the father sent the lad money and wrote for him to return home. But the boy was so enamored of the free life that he refused to leave. It was not until the army officer appeared on the scene, traveling clear from his eastern post, for the purpose, that he managed to regain his son, and only carried him off by force, persuasion being useless.

Joseph chuckled when he told me the story. He said the boy grew very fond of him, and no wonder! The chief, and, in fact, all the Indians with him were simply grown-up children.

Joseph was extremely fond of General Miles. He would say, "General Miles nice man; has nice things to eat." He was always the general's guest when he went east.

Joseph hesitated a good deal before giving his consent to sit for a portrait, and asked several searching questions in regard to my intentions concerning the portrait I proposed to paint.

I happened to have with me a picture of an Indian Joseph knew. He counted the strings of beads around the neck of the Nez Perce and said he had the same kind of beads, only one more string. He finally agreed to pose for me. He appeared at my studio with his face tinted yellow. On one side of his forehead he had painted several small, green dots, and on the other side were red dots. He had an eagle feather on his head with the white part of the feather painted yellow. He wore a fine beaded buckskin jacket. He proved to be one of my best sitters, remark-

ing to me that if he sat good and quiet I could finish the picture all the quicker. While he was posing I always invited him to dine with me at noon, and as he was very observing, he soon developed good table manners. He was very fond of oysters. He would say "Oysters high you skookum," which, translated, means "excellent." He spoke little English, but talked in Nez Perce and Chinook, and he understood the sign language. Joseph was greatly relieved when the portrait

trunks. Of one he had lost the key and he could not think what was in it. I advised him to break the lock, which he did. In it was a fine, small buffalo robe and valuable Indian curios. In all the trunks he said were Indian clothes, furs, feathers, etc.

At times Joseph was very pensive, thoughtful and sad. He did not like it at Nes Pilem, he longed to go to Idaho, where the remainder of his people lived, but the government would not allow it.

When I left Nes Pilem, I engaged Joseph to take me to Wilbur, Wash. (which was named after Wild Goose Bill), the nearest railroad station on a branch of the Northern Pacific, about fifty miles away. I never enjoyed a day more. He told me of his troubles with the government, and it was a pathetic story. He owned a little team of Indian ponies, of which he was very careful, and kept them well fed.

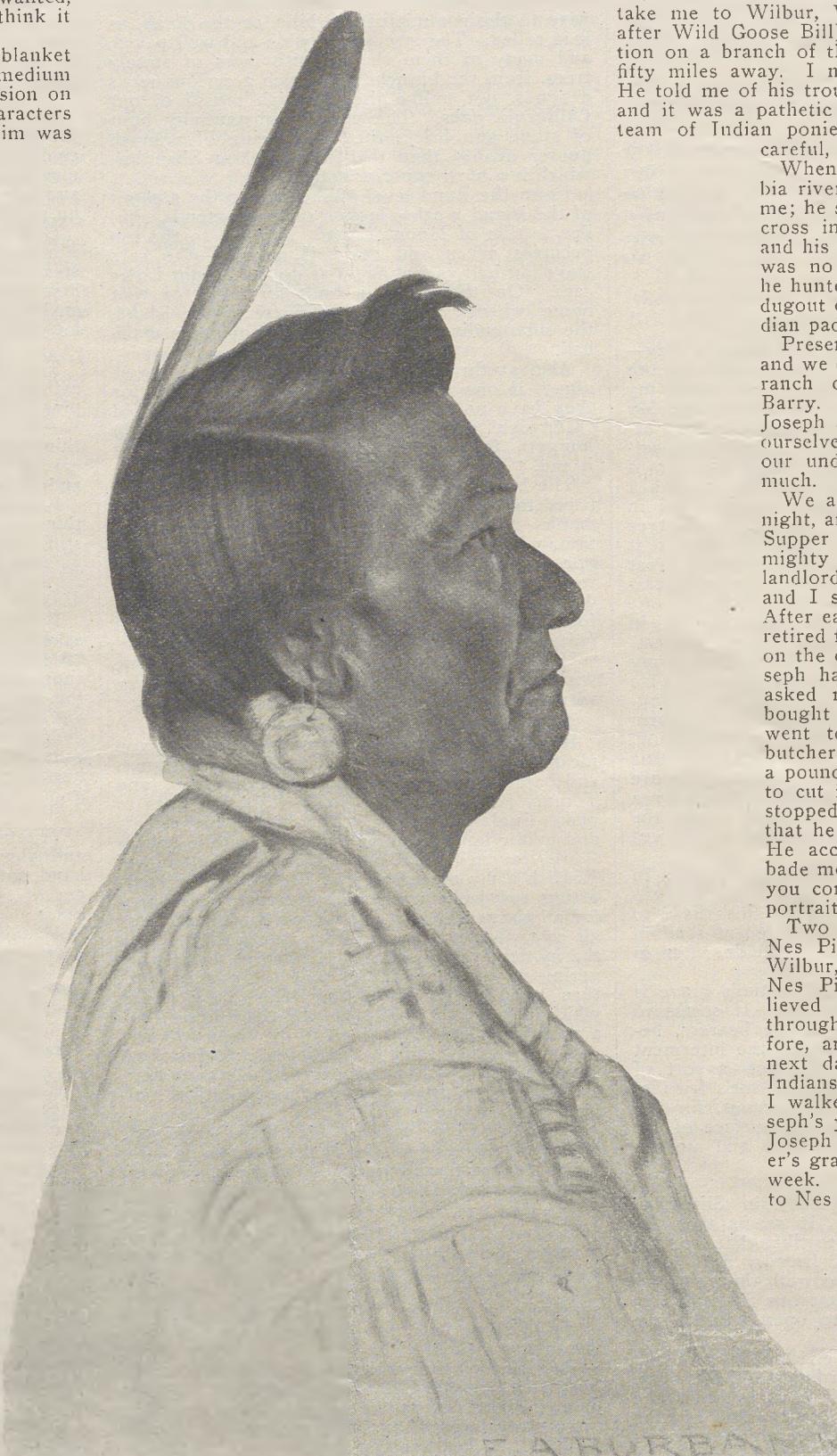
When we arrived at the Columbia river he seemed anxious about me; he said he did not want me to cross in the ferry boat with him and his team, as he feared the boat was no good, that it leaked. So he hunted around and found a long dugout canoe, and a Nes Pilem Indian paddled me over.

Presently, Joseph came across, and we drove a few miles to a fruit ranch owned by a man named Barry. The fruit was ripe and Joseph and I were invited to help ourselves, which we did, alas, to our undoing, as we both ate too much.

We arrived at Wilbur at 9 that night, and went directly to a hotel. Supper was over and we were mighty hungry. However, the landlord was kind, and soon Joseph and I sat down to a fine spread. After eating we smoked cigars and retired for the night. I was to leave on the cars the next morning. Joseph had purchases to make, and asked me to go with him. He bought towels and calico, and then went to the meat market. The butcher understood that he wanted a pound or two of beef and began to cut into the meat. But Joseph stopped him and quickly explained that he wanted the whole quarter. He accompanied me to the cars, bade me good-bye and said, "When you come back I will sit for two portraits for you."

Two years later I returned to Nes Pilem, and, upon arriving at Wilbur, inquired if Joseph was at Nes Pilem. They said they believed not, as he had passed through Wilbur several months before, and had not returned. The next day, Sunday, I saw several Indians sitting around a camp fire. I walked over and recognized Joseph's younger wife. She told me Joseph had gone to visit his father's grave, but would be home in a week. The next day I traveled on to Nes Pilem and painted other Indians until Joseph came. He seemed much pleased to see me.

Just before he arrived one of the tribe had died and he said I would have to excuse him for a few days as his heart was sick and sad. He invited me to attend a ceremony



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was completed and positively refused to sit for another then, but added, "Some time, when you come back, you may paint two portraits of me," and he kept his word. The government had built for him at the Nes Pilem agency a small, modern shed, in which he kept, under lock and key, his valuables.

One day he invited me inside the shed. It was full of trunks, including Indian crude leather

they were to have in honor of the Indian who had passed away. They took several teepees and made one large teepee, inside which, on the ground, blankets were spread. All the Nez Perce Indians that could crowd in and sat in a large circle. Joseph was at the head and delivered a long, solemn speech, which I did not understand. A fresh bowl of water was placed before each Indian, whereupon everyone washed

his face. This was one of the many strange burial rites practiced by the Indians of the northwest in times that are now almost only a mist in the memory of the oldest.

When the missionaries wanted to build a church on Joseph's land he would not allow it. He said to them, "The trouble with you white people is you have too many gods, and you are all the time fighting over them. We Indians have but one god."

Joseph made several trips to Washington to get the President's permission to return with his small band to his own people in Idaho, but the request never was granted. It was expensive for him to make these trips to the national capital, as he was compelled to take along an Indian who could interpret for him.

When the two portraits were finished I engaged Joseph to take me to the Columbia river, twelve miles distant, where I could get a mail stage that was running between Wilbur and the Barry fruit ranch. We parted affectionately, and the last I saw of the old chief he was wading in the Columbia to take a bath.

At the time the French courreurs des bois gave the Nez Perces their name, the Indians wore rings in their noses for ornaments, a practice long since discontinued. When Governor Stevens urged Joseph's father to sign the treaty, giving up their land, he refused, saying, "I will not sign your paper; you go where you please, so do I. You are no child, I am no child. I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your paper, I will not touch it with my hand!"

Before long, however, white settlers established homes inside the tribal boundaries of the aged chief's jurisdiction, in spite of his remonstrances, and the United States government, instead of protesting him in his rights, coolly claimed that it had bought all the Nez Perce country outside of Lapwai reservation from Chief Lawyer and others. On account of these encroachments, another treaty was made in 1863.

By this time old Joseph had become blind and feeble, and could no longer speak for his people. It was then that young Joseph took his father's place as hereditary chief and made his first speech to white men. Said he to the agent, who held the council: "I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of men."

Then the agent told him he had orders from the Great White Chief at Washington for his band to move upon the Lapwai reservation.

Chief Joseph replied, "I will not go. I do not need your help. We have plenty and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them!" The agent went away and the Indians had peace for a while.

"Soon after this," said the younger Joseph, "my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said, 'My son, when I am gone think of your country. You are the chief of these people. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother.' I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life."

Is it any wonder that the son resisted to the bitter end the encroachments of the whites and the unfair acts of the government? To Chief Joseph must be credited the most stubbornly contested campaign of all our Indian wars. But of course, in the end he was defeated and after the wrong was consummated Joseph was permitted to go to Washington "to talk to our wise men." He said to me: "I have asked some of the great chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me. That question never will be answered. At a council Too-Hool-Hool-Suit, a Nez Perce chief, arose and said, 'The Great Spirit made the world as it is and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where He placed us.'"

Chief Joseph told me that General Howard here lost his temper and exclaimed: "Shut up! I don't want to hear any more such talk. The law

says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law" (meaning the treaty).

"Too-Hool-Hool-Suit answered, 'Who are you that you ask us to talk and then tell me I shan't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the river for us to drink or the grass to grow? Did you make all these things that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have the right to talk as you do.'

"At that," said Joseph, "General Howard ordered a soldier to arrest my friend and place him in a guard house."

The position of the government was now plain to the Indians. They must go to the reservation or fight. They decided to go. Joseph wrote at the time, "I said in my heart that rather than have war I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people."

General Howard, however, arbitrarily refused to allow Chief Joseph more than thirty days to move his people and their stock. Said the chief to him: "My people have always been the friends of the white men. Why are you in such a hurry? I cannot get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered and Snake river is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low."

But General Howard brutally replied, "If you let the time run over one day the soldiers will be there to drive you on the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white men."

It has always seemed to me that this great haste was unnecessary and positively cruel. But the theory is that we must have firmness in dealing with the Indians if we have nothing else. Yet this time it proved to be a serious and costly blunder. Joseph protested against hostilities until he saw that war was inevitable. What followed is history.

It was the morning of October 5, 1877, when Joseph and his band surrendered. He handed his gun to General Miles in the presence of General Howard and said:

"I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed! Looking Glass is dead! Too-Hool-Hool-Suit is dead! The old men are all dead! It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead! It is cold, and we have no blankets! The little children are freezing to death! Some of my people have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food; no one knows where they are. Perhaps they are freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired! My heart is sick and sad! From where the sun now stands I will fight no more against the white man forever."

Joseph and his band were taken to Fort Lincoln, then to Fort Leavenworth, and later to the Quapaw agency, Indian Territory, and then to Nes Pilem, Wash. At Leavenworth they were placed between a lagoon and the river, about the most insanitary place that could have been selected, with no water but that of the Big Muddy to drink. All were affected by the poisonous malaria of the camp.

Joseph had at one time ten children, but all were dead when I met him. He was a true patriot, and in defense of his country evinced the genius of a born general. Could he have received the training of West Point, he might easily have become the peer of Grant, Lee or Sherman.

He conducted, as we know, one of the most skillful and masterly retreats in the annals of warfare. He died September 21, 1904, at Nes Pilem, Wash., aged about sixty years. Dr. E. H. Latham, the agency physician at Nes Pilem, told me that Joseph died of a broken heart.

[No other artist in the country has enjoyed the opportunities experienced by Mr. E. A. Burbank—now a resident of Los Angeles—the painter of Indian portraits, to meet face to face, and on their own ground, the once-noted Indian chiefs of America, now so rapidly passing away. For the last twenty years Mr. Burbank has journeyed from camp to camp among the aborigines of the northwest and southwest, painting successively all the great warriors whose past prowess has made their names famous in frontier history. It is, therefore, with considerable pride that The Graphic calls attention to a series of articles from Mr. Burbank's pen, describing his personal interviews with these once-powerful war chiefs, and illustrated by portraits from life, re-drawn in pencil especially for The Graphic, from his original studies. First in this notable galaxy was a picture and story of Red Cloud, the famous Ogallala Sioux, recently deceased. Geronimo, the noted Apache chief who preceded Red Cloud to the happy hunting grounds by a few months, followed.—Editor.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

MAYOR McCARTHY certainly started his administration with an explosion of sensational fireworks. His induction into office was marked by a message of fifteen thousand words, about half of which were consumed in a scorching arraignment of the outgoing "good government" menage. The scene was dramatic. For half an hour the retiring mayor and supervisors had been handing each other bouquets of mutual congratulation on their records of efficiency and successful achievement. On the stroke of noon enters Mayor McCarthy. He stalks to the executive chair. Mayor Taylor vacates the rostrum with a nervous bow. There is no handshaking or pleasant word. Mayor McCarthy returns ex-Mayor Taylor's bow with the curtest of nods. Ex-Mayor Taylor takes a humble seat beneath the throne, and for nearly two hours endures a violent castigation of his administration.

* * *

McCarthy's inaugural message—an address of fifty-eight type-written pages merits that title—has set the town by the ears. He has made no friends by this course, which seems as ungracious as it is unprecedented. The only excuse ventured for McCarthy is that his advent had been heralded as the initiation of "a wide-open town." He proceeded to show, giving chapter and verse, that under the highly lauded "good government" administration San Francisco had been as "wide open" as could be, and declared that the most flagrant violations of the law had been permitted and even fostered during his predecessor's regime. "I have no hesitancy in saying," declared the mayor with the boldest emphasis, "that so far as lawlessness and the harboring of undesirable persons is concerned, the city today compares with its darkest days of lawlessness in the past." This bombshell was followed by a list of scores of resorts scattered throughout the city, where pool rooms, hand-books, craps, poker, roulette and "sure thing" games had flourished without molestation.

Chief of Police Cook, who has been regarded as the most energetic and honest head of the department in many a long year, could make only a feeble reply the next morning. He explained that nearly all of the resorts named by the mayor had been known to the police, that many of them had been raided and their proprietors prosecuted, but the fact that most of them were disguised as incorporated clubs prevented conviction and punishment. Nevertheless, the evening of the mayor's bombshell, every place mentioned in the message was blockaded by plainclothes men, and business of course was suspended.

While, apparently, McCarthy is determined to start with anything but a "wide-open" town, he extends the most cordial invitation to the Chinese to return to the quarter they occupied before the fire, and gives an unmistakable hint that their pastimes, so long as they are confined to their own people, will not be interfered with.

* * *

In many particulars Mayor McCarthy reviewed the "unfortunate conditions that have come to us as a heritage from the outgoing administration." He charged wanton waste of public funds in extravagant automobile service, which he promised to abolish; money illegally drawn from the city treasury; shortages in the public funds; salaries illegally inflated and unfairly reduced; narrow and restricted class legislation; questionable contracts and expenditures authorized personally to benefit members of the outgoing administration, and many other sins of omission and commission.

Assuredly, the performance was a sensational innovation, but it seems only to have added to the anxiety of McCarthy's friends and admirers. The general criticism is that the new mayor would have commanded more confidence if he had eliminated the "roast" of his predecessors and confined himself to a brief and modest pledge of his own future performance. But McCarthy will hew his own line, and with supreme confidence in his own ability. There are many students of municipal economics who believe that a city's interests are best served by the concentration of responsibility and authority. San Francisco's charter gives the mayor the widest of swaths. That McCarthy will be rigidly insistent on his authority and will not shirk his responsibilities is foreseen by his familiars. The note already sounded by an appointee to the police commission is that he is there to do whatever the mayor tells him to do. There is every indication that San Francisco, in the next two years, will witness as close an approach to municipal autocracy as is possible in this land of democratic institutions.

Among those who participated prominently here last week in the zealous revivifying of the

state's Democracy was Thomas E. Gibbon, the Los Angeles statesman and editor. There was a two days' gabfest, wound up with a banquet. The conference was pregnant with innumerable and weighty resolutions, and with great enthusiasm it was announced that "victory was in the air." A notable feature of the conference was a paper on "Railroad Rates and the Customs Tariff," by Joseph H. Call, who unfortunately could not be present in person.

* * *

Senator Perkins' slip on the ice, in Washington, last week, at once stirred the cognoscenti to excursions in political speculation. The fact that Senator Flint's announcement of his determination to retire at the end of his term came almost simultaneously with the news of Senator Perkins' accident redoubled the activities of the gossips. In some quarters it is held that Governor Gillett has been postponing his decision, as to this year's campaign, until he was informed definitely of Senator Flint's intentions. But this theory is based on the presumption that Southern California would rest content with two northerners in the senate, which is a foolish imagining. In the event of Senator Perkins' premature retirement certain wiseacres contend that Governor Gillett would resign and that Governor Porter would hand him the Perkins toga. All of which only goes to show that the political gossips are always prepared for any possible emergency, however unlikely and remote.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, January 11, 1910.

AVIATION SIDELIGHTS

Belasco Theater habitues came very near having no Lewis Stone for the Wednesday evening performance. The popular leading man, with Dick Vivian, Mrs. Vivian and Mrs. Stone, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kohenhoven, with Kohenhoven at the steering wheel. We passed them just before reaching the Pacific Electric crossing, between Watts and Compton. They did not like our dust, apparently, and came tearing along to gain the lead. Mine host, L. T. Bradford, saw the signal man wave to stop and brought our car to a halt as a three-car trailer whizzed in sight. Kohenhoven saw it too late, but with rare presence of mind he slewed his auto to the left and ran along the ties, parallel with the trailers, stopping within six inches of the last car and within a foot of a nasty ditch. It was the narrowest escape from annihilation I ever saw. The women behaved beautifully, never a whimper from them, while Lewis Stone sat immovable as a sphinx. "There would have been no damages for the road there," remarked Sam Haskins, sotto voce, from his seat in the rumble behind me.

* * *

To see Fred Baker of the aviation executive committee, on horseback, in charge of the field deputies, is alone worth the price of admission. He rides with a firm seat, and his thoroughbred animal bears him with proud neck and high-stepping action. Fred hasn't been in the saddle for many years, but you never would know it. Still, I venture a guess that he will be glad to lean back in the cushioned seat of his Packard machine after the meet is over.

* * *

Col. William M. Garland is known as the field pilot of the aviation camp. The ubiquitous member of the executive committee has had the time of his life escorting pretty women about the field, ranging from blushing buds to the matured beauties. In his nobby check suit of ultra cut, the colonel might easily be mistaken for a Britisher these days. I understand the population sign facing the grand stand, bearing the well-known Garland colors, has come in for adverse criticism. As no advertisement appears on it, however, to carp at this and accept the Examiner balloon were surely invidious. It is a safe bet that both the sign and the balloon will remain throughout the meet.

* * *

One of the most diverting spectacles is to see Dick Ferris in conversation with M. Paulhan, the wizard aviator. Dick's French is limited to "we, we," and "mercy, mercy," but he is fast becoming proficient in the use of the sign language. After this meet, the deaf and dumb alphabet will be child's play to him.

* * *

Glen Curtiss, who is among the big American exponents of aerial navigation, appeared not a little shocked when he first viewed the scene at Dominguez field. In Europe, such events are planned to carry all the scenic effects worthy of their importance. At Rheims, France, for instance, where aviation has come to be regarded as the annual big sporting event, the grand stands and boxes are beautifully appointed, with high-class refreshment booths located at convenient points, and with general decorations that

help to make the ensemble inspiring. When Curtiss first looked over the flying field with its bareness and unfinished appearance, the well-known aviator thought it was not possible to bring order out of the prevailing chaos in the short time between Thursday of a week ago and the ensuing Monday. Curtiss, although an American, is an easterner, and is not altogether en rapport with the hustling west of his own country. He graciously acknowledged his mistake a few days later.

* * *

Aviation week is likely to become an annual affair, if the present meeting proves the complete success it promises to be. To "Dick" Ferris is the credit due for initiating the affair. His promotion plans have been ably supported by the aviation committee, but it was Dick who started the ball rolling and spent his own money freely to furnish the momentum at a critical period. I honestly believe Ferris plunged into the aviation show business for the pure love of the sport, and not for any notoriety to be gained. To Henry E. Huntington, who personally advanced the funds needed to guarantee the appearance of the foreign flyers, the city is under obligations for his liberality and splendid civic spirit.

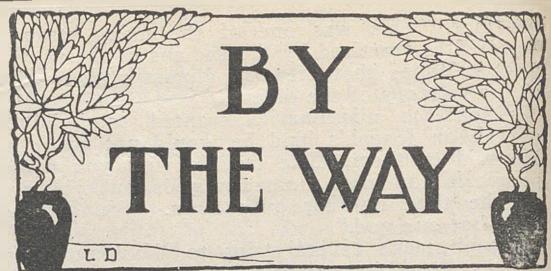
New Gigantic Oil Concern

Involving many millions of dollars and several thousand acres of rich oil property, the gigantic deal recently consummated by prominent Los Angeles in the purchase of 5,500 acres of proved oil lands in the Coalinga, Midway and McKittrick fields, is one of the most important business deals that have ever been accomplished in Southern California. The new concern is known as the American Oilfields Company, and its incorporators are E. L. Doheny, C. A. Canfield, J. C. Anderson, Norman Bridge, T. A. O'Donnell, J. M. Danziger and L. A. McCray. The Midway Oil Company, I am told, will transfer its holdings to the new company, and the completion of the organization will occur at Coalinga next Monday afternoon. The American Oilfields Company will be under the direct management of Messrs. Doheny and Canfield, who, by their experience and vast holdings, are undoubtedly the greatest oil men in the country. In all probability, the executive management will be as follows: E. L. Doheny, president; C. A. Canfield, first vice-president; Norman Bridge, secretary and treasurer; Thomas A. O'Donnell in charge of the field management; J. Crampton Anderson, in charge of office management, and J. M. Danziger, head of the real estate department. All of the incorporators will be included in the directorate, which is slated to be composed of Messrs. Doheny, Canfield, Bridge, O'Donnell, Anderson, Danziger, McCray and one other name will be added, following the organization of the company. My friend, Dr. Bridge—he is plain Mr. Bridge in the forenoon, when at his secretarial desk—whose enthusiasm concerning the new company is doubtless well founded, assures me that the new company will have at least three-fold the value in proved oil lands of the American Petroleum Company's holdings, and will be managed as thoroughly and as carefully as that company has been, and even better, if such a thing is possible to the science of the oil business and the conduct of corporations. Who can doubt it? California is leading the country in the production of petroleum, and that this new corporation will swell the yearly output by many thousands of barrels is certain. Good luck to the A. O. C., which, as a legal entity, was "born in Sacramento last Saturday, and will acquire its first clothes at Coalinga the seventeenth instant," as Dr. Bridge picturesquely states it.

Forty Million Dollar Power Company

While the Doheny-Canfield-Bridge oil syndicate is getting ready to corner the oil business of the state, the Pacific Light and Power Company, in which Messrs. Huntington, Kerckhoff and Balch are the king pins, is equally active in its efforts to meet the increasing demands on its equipment. A forty million dollar corporation is now the authorized capitalization of this Titanic concern, which will at once start in to double the capacity of its already huge power house at Redondo. I invite attention to an article on the financial page of this issue concerning the increasing oil and power interests of the state. Los Angeles, evidently, expects to be at the head of the procession.

John G. North, who died this week in London, was one of the best-known attorneys in the state. He was the father of Deputy District Attorney John C. North of Los Angeles, and was a member of the principal clubs in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Riverside. The last-named city had been his home for a number of years. His father was the founder of Riverside.



Sentiment at a Directors' Meeting

Although for many years vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, Mr. I. N. Van Nuys has not been able for the last two years to attend the annual meetings of the board of directors, consequently, when he appeared at the annual gathering last Tuesday, and took his accustomed place, his associate directors were both surprised and delighted. Mr. Van Nuys was again unanimously elected director and vice-president, and I am privately informed this strictly business meeting came near reaching a sentimental stage in the deep pleasure experienced by his fellow directors in the reappearance of a colleague so highly esteemed.

Here is a Wise Sunspotter

After a quarter century of medical practice in Los Angeles, Dr. E. A. Smith, the well-known surgeon, has retired from active work, and in future will meet patients for consultation only by appointment. Dr. Smith is an esteemed Sunspotter, and is much beloved of his associates. He has a beautiful suburban home on Huntington drive, in North Alhambra, where he has his own fig tree, his oranges and his alligator pears handy for plucking. His accomplished son, Dr. Rea Smith, succeeds his father in general practice, in fact, the younger physician has, for the last year or so, been the more active practitioner. I congratulate my brother Sunspotter on his wise resolve to enjoy life while yet the rosy tints remain.

Dr. Barlow's Double Appointment

I see by the Southern California Practitioner, from whose columns I gleaned the above item concerning Dr. Smith's retirement, that Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, dean of the Los Angeles College of Medicine of the U. of C., has been appointed by Governor Gillett as California's representative at the special conference on medical education, which is to be held in Chicago beginning February 28. Dr. Barlow also will represent the American Academy of Medicine at the coming conference, and as double delegate he has been assiduous in gathering data bearing on medical education which he will present to the congress. Dr. Barlow is a splendid type of the intellectual physician, and will ably represent his state at Chicago.

Beta Theta Pi's Annual Banquet

That was a jolly gathering of congenial spirits, last Saturday night, when the Southern California Alumni Association of the Beta Theta Pi college fraternity held its annual banquet at the Westminster, with nearly fifty members around the festal board. Joseph B. Lippincott, Kansas '87, acted as toastmaster, and, with Judge Henry C. Gooding, DePauw '59, helped instill into the younger minds the real college spirit. Toasts were also given by Clay Palu Gooding, California '97, J. S. Riley, Chicago '05, and Harry Beard, Stanford '10, the program being rounded out with fraternity songs sung with a zest that would put the average undergraduate to shame. For the coming year J. B. Lippincott was elected president; J. S. Riley, vice-president; Dr. E. S. Merrill, Beloit '02, secretary; and Paul J. Pitner, Stanford '04, treasurer. Beta Theta Pi was founded at Miami in 1839, and, with one exception, is the largest college fraternity in America. More than two hundred members live in Southern California.

Seriousness of Salt Lake Tie-Up

Few persons realize how serious to the community, as well as to itself, is the suspension of trans-continental traffic on the Salt Lake railroad. Several hundred persons in Los Angeles and immediate vicinity have lost their positions, the unfortunate ones including men in the traffic and the mechanical departments, as well as train crews. The loss in wages will be close to half a million dollars, add to that at least five times as much for repairs to restore the line to its former efficiency, and the extent of the damage in dollars and cents will be more readily grasped. Of course, there is nothing in the story from New York that Senator Clark has about decided to relinquish his half of the Salt Lake system, turning the entire property over to the Southern and Union Pacific influences that have been joint

owners since the late E. H. Harriman acquired an interest as the price it cost to permit the road to be completed into Los Angeles. That, by the way, was a costly treaty of peace, from the Clark point of view. For it was Meadow Valley wash that the then contending factions fought over. And it was that particular stretch of desert waste, which has been drowned out upon two different occasions, with no certainty that any other right of way can be found that will withstand the winter elements between here and Salt Lake City, south of Caliente.

Pooling Arrangement Still Holds

Unless I am in error, the stock of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, now in pool, will be distributed in the next two years. The shares were locked up with trustees when the line first was financed. At that time Senator Clark, the late E. H. Harriman, J. Ross Clark, Thomas Kearns of Utah, Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia, T. E. Gibbon, and R. C. Kerens of St. Louis, all agreed not to place the shares on the market until such a time as the trust, now in effect, would be dissolved. The funds for building the line and equipping it, came, more than half, from the Clark copper mines near Jerome. It was the last railway enterprise floated in the United States wherein the promoters were not forced to go into Wall street or to Europe for the sinews of war.

Democrats Perking Up

Albert M. Norton and his associates from Los Angeles were prominent factors in the recent San Francisco party conference, called by the anti-machine Democratic leaders to devise ways and means for the coming state campaign. They who profess to be convinced that the Jeffersonian organization in California is dead are likely to find themselves egregiously mistaken, when it comes to the state primary that will be raging in the next six months. It will not be surprising if a coalition in that conflict is arranged between the Democratic and Republican insurgents, with Francis J. Heney as the nominee for governor. In that event, the candidate for lieutenant governor will be chosen from Los Angeles. Fusion on the legislative ticket will follow as a matter of course.

Is Joseph Being Groomed?

Report reaches me from various sections south of the Tehachapi that Joseph Scott, who recently has been showing himself to several communities away from home, continues to create a decidedly favorable impression. While the president of the board of education and newly-chosen president of the chamber of commerce will not enter the lists as an aspirant for United States senator so long as Frank P. Flint is in the race, there are the best of reasons for believing that with Senator Flint out of the running an intelligently organized campaign in Scott's behalf is to be attempted by an enthusiastic following.

In the World of Finance

I am glad to note the elevation of Phil Kitchin, cashier of the Southern Trust Company, to the directorate of that vigorous financial concern. Another change in banking circles is the resignation of Frank Kelsey from the erstwhile Metropolitan Trust & Savings Bank, now a part of the Los Angeles Savings & Trust Company.

More Excellent Appointments

Mayor George Alexander continues to disappoint those who predicted that his election would entail direful calamities. This week, the mayor has given signal satisfaction by naming Henry W. O'Melveny, J. B. Lippincott and Judge Charles Silent as park commissioners, with W. C. Patterson taking Mr. O'Melveny's place upon the library board. Henry W. O'Melveny is a great lover of nature and old-timers will recall the public-spirited work of Judge Silent, ten years ago, in the work done on Elysian Park. W. C. Patterson consenting to accept the honor which has been conferred upon him must have created not a little surprise in the stone castle at First street and Broadway. Years ago, Mr. Patterson was the Times' choice for mayor of Los Angeles, when the general was opposed to everything that smacked of graft and machine rule in the party to which he professed allegiance. The Times had selected Mr. Patterson to lead the race upon a good government league municipal ticket. Mr. Patterson was willing to sacrifice personal inclination in order to serve the community, but Hervey Lindley, then Republican leader in Southern California, willed it otherwise. As a result, Mr. Patterson was left at the post. He never has ceased being in the vanguard of good citizens who have sought the community's uplift, and, although frequently importuned to

permit the use of his name and personality for public office, he always has declined. While Mr. Patterson has remained true to first principles, the Times, long ago, forsook the old standard, and in recent years has become the mouthpiece of the machine which, formerly, it was wont to flay in and out of season.

Several Active Judicial Candidates

Instead of one, Southern California is to have at least two active candidates for the supreme court bench on the Republican side, in the coming state-wide primary. I went into considerable detail last week in regard to the aspirations of Superior Judge W. P. James in this particular, not realizing until too late that Judge Curtis D. Wilbur has aspirations in the same direction. At this time the warm supporters of both insist that the candidacy of the one need not interfere with the plans of the other, as the south, because of its population and wealth, should be conceded at least three members of the state's highest court, as against the single incumbent, Judge Lucien Shaw, who alone has represented us for the last few years. Superior Judge Nathaniel P. Conrey also will endeavor to get a Republican nomination for associate justice of the supreme court. Judge Conrey has occupied his present position since 1900, and prior to that time he was a member of the lower house in Sacramento, where he gained an enviable record. Serious attempt was made three years ago, by the Republican machine, to defeat him for renomination, certain of the liquor interests at the time being arrayed against him because of a decision he rendered that was adverse to that element. There is, of course, a possibility that Judges Wilbur, James and Conrey may all attain the promotion each is seeking, but such a result is hardly probable.

Franklin Lane's Future Plans

I hear that Franklin K. Lane, since his reappointment and confirmation as interstate commerce commissioner, has decided never again to become active in California politics. It will not surprise his friends to learn that in two or three years Franklin Lane will make New York city his home, there to engage in the practice of law, making the interstate commerce regulations a specialty. He has come to be regarded as one of the few real experts in the United States in that particular line, and I am told that the former Democratic aspirant for governor of California has a standing offer from one of the best-known transportation companies in the country at a salary considerably in excess of \$25,000 a year.

Will Professor Foshay Return?

It will not surprise those conversant with the situation if Prof. James A. Foshay is chosen to succeed Dr. E. C. Moore as superintendent of Los Angeles city schools, when the incumbent relinquishes the charge. Mr. Foshay, all his life a pedagogue, has not been altogether in his real element since he accepted the presidency of the Fraternal Brotherhood. While his duties have been pleasant enough, it is hinted by his friends that with proper encouragement he would not be averse to resuming his old position. The office pays a salary of \$5,000 a year and the appointment is for four years.

Committee Conference on Panama Fair Site

There is being held in this city today a conference whose avowed object is an amicable compromise in the matter of the proposed Panama canal exposition, to be held either in San Diego or San Francisco. Both communities directly interested are to meet at the Alexandria Hotel this morning, and will attempt to straighten out a snarl that has attracted national attention. Just what the outcome will be is not easy to predict with San Diego standing pat on its rights and San Francisco disposed to be domineering in the matter.

Schoenfeld's Artistic Simplicity

Henry Schoenfeld, the musician and composer of international fame, whom Los Angeles is proud to claim as her own, has been honored again. The Paris correspondent of Musical America states that Henry Eames, the American pianist, and Herweg, the famous French violinist, scored splendidly in "sonatas of Paderewski and Henry Schoenfeld." The critic continues: "The Schoenfeld sonata is among the strong modern, American works." Mr. Schoenfeld has gained many similar honors, and great masters as well as orchestras have produced his compositions, but he has ever preserved the simplicity of a truly great artist in private life. It is, therefore, no surprise to me to find Mr. Schoenfeld leading the Gamut Orchestra, that excellent amateur organization which will appear as a part of the program when "Angel Town," the original musical comedy, is

put on at the Gamut Theater next week. The talented composer has been one of the mainstays in the preparation of this notable production.

Loud Cry For Political Pie

Good Government League sponsors continue to find it hard to keep out of the patronage end of practical politics. There is a large army of patriots whose membership is with the new organization, and now that there are loaves and fishes to be distributed, these soldiers of the common good are insisting that they must be cared for. Thus far, Mayor Alexander and his principal advisers have been able to ignore the rabble that demands the spoils of victory, but the roar of discontent is such that the Good Government leaders must presently reward those who contributed toward the recent municipal victory or suffer a loss of followers. Not all the leaguers were moved by altruistic principles to dispossess the old machine.

Armory Question Unsettled

Whether or not the first brigade N. G. C. is to have a new, state-owned armory depends entirely upon the wishes of the important taxpaying section in the community. The last legislature provided an appropriation for the purpose, but, owing to a difference in opinion as to where the structure should be erected, nothing as yet has been accomplished. The present armory quarters at Eighth and Spring streets must be vacated soon, and with the temporary absence of Brigadier General Robert Wankowski from the city, the future in this regard remains in a state of uncertainty.

McCarthy Has High Aspirations

From San Francisco news seeps down that Mayor P. H. McCarthy of that city may seek a nomination for governor the coming state campaign. I understand he is not at all particular as to the party that shall select him as its standard bearer being perfectly willing to make the race as a Republican, Democrat or Labor Union aspirant. Prior to his becoming affiliated with the Schmitz-Ruef political faction, McCarthy was an ardent Democrat. That was years ago, when he was attached to the staff of a then prominent San Francisco hotel, in the capacity of house plumber. Those in a position to know insist that, beneath the surface, the new San Francisco mayor probably would prefer to be a Democrat, if he were not a Labor Union partisan.

Local Interest in Pinchot Controversy

Oddly enough, here in Southern California are more ramifications concerning the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy than may be found elsewhere in any community in the country outside of Washington. It was the resolution of Senator Flint that evoked the Wickersham opinion, upon which President Taft based his exoneration of his secretary of the interior. Senator Flint was thrust into the open by the national administration, so I am advised by an occasional Washington correspondent, as an expected peacemaker, he being known as a warm friend of the lately deposed chief forester, on good terms with the President, and also with Secretary Ballinger. It will be remembered that when Taft gave to the secretary of the interior his indorsement in the Cunningham coal claim issue, two or three months ago, Mr. Pinchot and Senator Flint were together fishing off San Clemente island. Their companions at the time were former Governor Pardee, Charles Stewart White, the author, and Professor Holder of Pasadena.

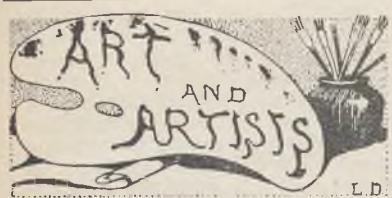
Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes.

Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements.



Studio and Art Gallery 336½ So. Broadway
SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



Opportunity is given to view examples of the finest work left by painters of yesterday by the exhibition of Old Masters that opened last Monday at Blanchard Hall. There is an assortment to be seen there, all of which is not good, but also much that is fine. For instance, there is a beautiful little canvas by Guido Reni, of the Assumption. That is, the catalogue says Guido Reni. It seems much more probable, however, that it is a Tiepolo. My reasons for this deduction are that Guido Reni belonged to and was one of the later painters of the Bolognese school—the "academic"—the same as were Caracci, Albani, Guerlino and Domenichino. Now this little canvas, although "called" a "sketch," has little of sketchiness about it. Indeed, it shows a much freer handling than any canvas that I have ever seen by Guido, whose work was much stiffer. In this painting the grouping, too, is charmingly easy and not at all "academic" in the sense that academic was understood in those days. Tiepolo, on the other hand, was born in Venice in 1696, and was a pupil of Gregorio Lazzarini. The painter was much influenced by Paolo Veronese, whose equal he was said to be, in the decadence of Venetian art, though he was far from being so as a colorist. Nevertheless, he was rightly called the last great decorative painter of the Venetian school. One of his pictures, the "Last Supper," is in the Louvre, another is in The Hermitage, St. Petersburg; this last, "The Banquet of Cleopatra," is probably his best picture. These facts force me to the conclusion that the picture is much likelier to be a Tiepolo than a Guido.

* * *

Another lovely little canvas is by Caracci, and depicts "Diana and Callisto." The family of Caracci was phenomenal for the geniuses that it produced. There is, therefore, likely to be confusion as to which Caracci is meant. The eldest Caracci was Agostino, born in Bologna in 1557. Then came Annibale, in 1560, a brother of Agostino. He was the greatest of them all. Besides these, there were Francisco, a nephew of Agostino and Annibale, and a pupil of Lodovico Caracci, who was a cousin to Agostino and Annibale. All of these, without exception, were great painters. The one we have before us, however, is Ludovico Caracci. He was a pupil of Prospero Fontana, who advised him to give up painting, while his brother pupils nick-named him, from his stupidity, "The Ox." But he studied chiefly at Venice, under Tintoretto, who gave him but little more encouragement than did Fontana. However, by close application he eventually managed to found a school in Bologna.

* * *

Perhaps really the finest canvas of the exhibition is that of St. Sebastian by Carlo Dolci, sometimes called Carlini. This painter was born in Florence in 1616. He was not a wonderfully inventive genius. His fame mainly rests on his pleasing and highly finished pictures, chiefly devoted to devout subjects, and most frequently representing the heads of the Christ and of the Virgin. These heads are not so much admired for particular beauty of character, as for the soft, tranquil expression of devotion in the patient suffering of Christ and the plaintive features of the Mater Dolorosa, and subjects like the one depicted in the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, he treated with great delicacy and tenderness. The general tone of his coloring is well appropriated to the character portrayed. Nothing is harsh or obtrusive; all is modestly placed and harmonious. He generally painted in a small size, though there are at Florence pictures by him as large as life. This one of St. Sebastian is about half life size.

* * *

There is an exquisite portrait by Domenico Zampieri, usually known as Domenichino. It is called an allegorical portrait. It seems to me that it must have been painted along about the time the artist did his "Susannah at the Bath," which is now in the Pinakothek at Munich. The two heads bear a striking resemblance. Domenichino was

born in Bologna in 1581, and was a pupil of Caracci. On the first award of prizes there, he was hailed as the successful candidate. He contracted an intimacy with Albani and upon leaving the school they visited together Parma, Modena and Reggio, studying Correggio and Parmigianino. On their return Domenichino went to Rome, where he was employed by Cardinal Arquacchi.

* * *

There is shown a fine canvas attributed to Durer. It is evidently of great age, but at the same time the painting is in an excellent state of preservation, and with care could be put into first-class condition. If this is truly an Albrecht Durer, it should be of great value. Durer was the first and greatest of all the German masters. In creative richness of fancy, in extensive power of thought, and in moral energy and earnest striving, in regard to artistic gifts, he need fear no rival. In Durer's work we do not find the classical perfection of man's physical nature, nor the spiritual ideal of the early religious painters, nor yet the calm dignity and rich sensuous beauty of the great masters of the Renaissance, but in all of his works is found a noble expression of the mind, with its high intellectual powers, its daring speculative laboriousness and its love for the weird and grotesque.

* * *

There is also shown a reputed Rubens—a saint raising people from the dead. I am inclined to be skeptical, however, for although the picture bears evidences of Rubens' handling—his long, sweeping strokes, and his particular type of women; the coloring does not seem up to what one has learned to expect from the Flemish master.

* * *

In Gallery C there is an exhibition of copies of old masters, being held by M. Alexandre. There are three canvases shown. The largest and perhaps the best is after Anthony Van Dyck's equestrian picture of Charles I., now in the Louvre. This picture, after the murder of King Charles, passed into the collection of the Baron Thiers and thence into that of Louis XV. Later, it became the property of Madame Du Barry, and was acquired from her by the Count d'Agivillier for Louis XVI. for twenty-four thousand pounds. The picture is a wonderful piece of composition.

* * *

Mr. Alexandre also shows a fine copy of a Titian. How strikingly well the painter has managed to find the splendid coloring of Titian is wonderfully exemplified in the rich red gowns of the women. It is a remarkable copy. The third and last canvas is after the St. John by Leonardo da Vinci—the greatest draughtsman and all-round genius that ever lived. This exquisite little canvas is one of Leonardo's last works. It is a proof that his noble intelligence was constantly rising higher, and that the flame burnt brightest just before it was finally quenched. A vision, a dream, a kind of impalpable image of a head and arm, arising from a mysterious penumbra—such is this enchanting picture. So delicate and tender are the features that the artist undoubtedly must have taken them from a female model, imitating in this particular several of his Florentine predecessors. The delicate modelling of the arm and raised head, in the Louvre picture, which is so admirably reproduced in the copy, defies all description.

* * *

At the exhibit by western painters at the Chicago Art Institute, Mr. Wendt of this city is well represented. Of his work the art critic of the Chicago Post in a recent issue says: "William Wendt offers contrast among the landscapists with five paintings of California. The rugged country, clearly defined shadows, brilliant lights and curious composition of a land won from the desert, must ever appear strange to one who has never looked upon it, while for those who have traveled there, the fascination is overpowering. Mr. Wendt exhibits his vigor, love of sunshine and the Titanic in nature in all the canvases, and it is not strange that the first day a connoisseur purchased the striking picture, "At Sunset."

* * *

Mr. William Cumming Montgomerie will hold an exhibition of paintings at the Steckel gallery, beginning Monday, January 17, and ending Saturday, January 29.

W. C. M.

THE GRAPHIC

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly.

And flap and flutter and wish and try—
If ever you knew a country duncie
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a father—age fourteen;
His body was long and tank and lean—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes, each bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
Working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too.
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent.

Around some corner, on new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squatting eyes
Grew pucker'd in a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Daedalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs

Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion.
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,

We soon or late
Shall navigate

The azure
as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"Birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in?"
Says he with a grin:
"T the bluebird an' phoebe
Are smarter 'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler,
Roos the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men.
Jest show me that!
Er prove 't the bat

Hez got more brain than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee.
Fer to git a livin' with, more 'n to me;
Ain't my business
Important's his'n is?

"That Icarus
Was a silly cus,—
Him an' his daddy Daedalus,
They might a' known wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fast idee that's big an' grand.
They'd a' laft an' made fun
o' Creation itself afore 't was done!"
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows;
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
A piece of leather, and a big strong box,
In which he locks

These and a hundred other things.
His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work,
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through
cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the

stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a bucket of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,

Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.

"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,

Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he slugs as he locks

His big strong box.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb.

An' ef you'll be

Advised by me,

Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day

He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,

Till at last 't was done,—

The greatest invention under the sun!

"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

"T was the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,

And not a cloud was on all the sky,

Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,

Half mist, half air.

Like foam on the ocean went floating by;

Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen

For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show,
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing
Fer to try the thing.
An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says Brother Nate, "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold— toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!"

Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."

For all the while to himself he said:

"I tell yet what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not.

I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeples;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people;
I'll light on the libby-pole, an' crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below:

"What world 's this 're
That I've come near?"

Per I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap I'm the moon!

Au' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon."

He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said:
"I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."

And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way

When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,

"What on airth is he up to, he?"

"Don'o,"—the's suthin' er other to pay,

Er he wouldn't a' stayed to hum today."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye."

He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July.

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!

Le's hurry back an' hide in the barn,

An' pay him for tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard they crep back,

Along the fences, behind the stack,

And one by one, through a hole in the wall,

In under the dusty barn they crawl,

Dressed in their Sunday garments all;

And a very astonishing sight was that,

When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat

Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid;

And Reuben sid

The fastenings back, and the door undid.

"Keep back!" said he,

"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—

From head to foot

An iron suit,

Iron jacket and iron boot,

Iron breeches, and on the head

No hat, but an iron pot instead,

And under the chin the bail,—

I believe they called the thing a helm;

And the lid they carried they called a shield;

And, thus accoutred, they took the field,

Sallying forth to overwhelm

The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm.

So this modern knight

Prepared for fight,

Put on his wings and strapped them tight;

Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;

Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;

Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!

And a helm had he, but that he wore,

Not on his head like those of yore.

But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said.

"He's up in the shed!

He's opened the winder,—I see his head!

He stretches it out,

An' pokes it about.

Lookin' to see if the coast is clear.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

There is nothing so satisfying as to note decided improvement in an artist who is constantly before the public. Last year, when Madame Langendorff sang here, she had few qualities to place her as a great singer, the possession of a gorgeous voice being only one. At her recital Tuesday evening, which was fairly well attended, her magnificent voice showed better control and, therefore, improved intonation, her program was carefully arranged, and much pleasure was derived from listening to it. Madame Langendorff should acquire a better knowledge of her voice from a scientific side, and the audible breathing is very distressing to her hearers, but the improvement in a year is so marked as to lead one to believe the singer is alive to her deficiencies and that they will disappear. "Scherzer" by Wagner is more suited to Mme. Langendorff than the Schubert songs or quiet Schumann ones, and that and Brahms's "Zueignung" were the best rendered songs. The last group sung in English was a credit to the singer, and showed an insight into the words, excepting Chadwick's "Sweetheart, Thy Lips are Touched With Flame." If she did not make the most of this poem which doesn't amount to much after all, the splendid rendition of "The Morning Hymn," Henschel, an encore, made up for it. Mrs. Robinson, at the piano, did her arduous work with ease and skill.

Next Thursday evening Madame Sembrich returns and sings one recital only. She has been to the northern cities, Seattle, Spokane, Portland, then San Francisco and Oakland, and comes back here to rejoin her husband, Mr. Stengel, who remained in Southern California. The program, Mr. Francis Rogers and Mr. La Forge assisting, is as follows:

Andante Spianato and Polonaise (Chopin), Mr. Frank La Forge; Aria from "Traviata" (Ah, fors e lui) (Verdi), Mme. Sembrich; Aria from "Héroïade" (Vision fugitive) (Massenet), Mr. Francis Rogers; Lusinghe più care (Handel), My Lovely Celia (Munroe), Flingo per mio diletto (Anon), Mme. Sembrich; Gretchen am Spinnrade (Schubert), Ein Traum (Grieg), Aufträge (Schumann), Pastorale (Old English) (Carey), Mme. Sembrich; Marche Funèbre, Prelude in D flat major (Chopin), Mr. La Forge; C'est mon ami (Marie Autonette), Staendchen (R. Strauss), The Land of the Leal (Pootie), Love in May (Parker), Mme. Sembrich; Der Wanderer (Schubert), The Plague of Love (Dr. Arne), See How Much I Love You (La Forge), In a Garden (Hawley), Mr. Rogers; Parla (Arditi), Mme. Sembrich.

The next Ellis Club concert will take place at Simpson Auditorium, Tuesday evening, January 25. An old-time favorite of the members, active and associated, has a prominent place on this program, "The Nun of Nidaros," by Dudley Buck. Other numbers will be Frederick Stevenson's "Idylle Mongoliennes," "The Land o' the Leal," Daniel Protheroe, who was here last summer with the Ohio Male Chorus, MacDowell's "Dance of the Gnomes," "The Blizzard," by Cadman. This Charles Wakefield Cadman, according to Mme. Jomelli, is one of the best of the American composers. His Indian songs have been sung by David Bispham and Jomelli, and are the most characteristic songs of their class obtainable. Mr. Cadman's home is Pittsburgh, and, according to recent weather accounts, he should be qualified to write "A Blizzard."

The Woman's Quartet, made up of members of the Dominant Club who are Mesdames Vaughn and Grace M. Stivers, first and second sopranos, and Misses Beresford Joy and Katherine Ebbert, first and second altos, will give the monthly concert for the members of the Young Women's Christian Association, Monday evening, January 24.

Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, soprano, and for many years one of the board of directors of the Saturday Club of Sacramento, has come to Los Angeles to remain, her husband's business bringing them here.

The senate of Finland, which is constitutionally empowered to award as it

sees fit annual prizes, varying from the sum of \$300 to that of \$1,200, to authors and artists of exceptional merit, has this year voted a yearly life pension of \$1,000 to Finland's foremost composer, Jean Sibelius.

Years ago Paderewski was asked what would advance music in America the most, and his reply was, in substance: "Make Edward MacDowell independent, so he can devote his time to composition." The last years of MacDowell's life are enough answer to the question, "Was he made so?"

Dates of the Schumann Heink recitals are January 27 and 29.

Miss Alice Coleman, pianist, will give her third program Monday evening, January 17, at Throop Auditorium, Pasadena. The music is by modern composers and consists of Arthur Foote's suite in D minor, the second movement from the "Keltic Sonata" (MacDowell), "Arabesque" (Claude Debussy), Allegro from G minor concerto (Saint-Saëns), "Romanze, op. 9, for violin and piano (Arthur Foote). Oscar Seiling, violinist, assisting. Elegie (Rachmaninoff), and Grieg's "Spring Song," "Papillon" and "March of the Dwarfs" and his sonata op. 45 for violin and piano, by Mr. Seiling and Miss Coleman.

Musicians all mourn the loss of that sincere friend to all real musical endeavors, Edward Graham.

We read with something akin to envy of the progress of the San Francisco Choral Society, whose director is Paul Steinendorff. The society has not been organized long, but with its 175 voices and an orchestra of forty players, a performance of Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah" will be given soon.

One of the eastern musical papers published the "news" that Kreisler would tour Southern California with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Kreisler did not even appear as a soloist with the local orchestra. In fact, it is doubtful if he was in Southern California when the last concert of the orchestra was given. It is certainly to be hoped that we who must rely upon the eastern exchanges for general musical news will not be obliged to lose confidence in the absolute veracity of items. The ever-ready press agent is probably the cause of such an exaggeration.

Cornelie Rider-Possart, one of the numerous pianists who have given recitals in Berlin recently, passed several months in Los Angeles last year, and was heard privately, giving genuine pleasure by her most excellent playing.

Arthur M. Abell, the Musical Couriers representative and a musician whose judgment is to be relied upon, writes:

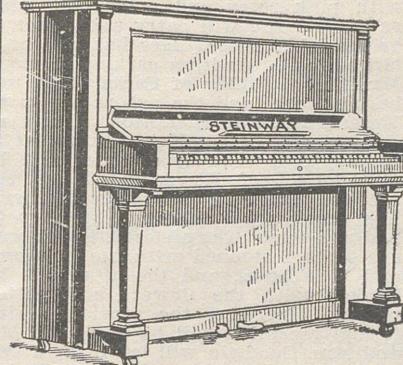
Olga Steeb, who comes from Los Angeles, is a born pianist. She belongs at present rather to the intellectual than the emotional school of players, and Bach she plays in a manner that challenges admiration. Her performance of the G minor fugue was distinguished by great clearness of technic, but the fantasy might have been played with a cleaner finish. Her rendition of Beethoven's G major rondo and of the "Appassionata" sonata were also highly commendable. She plays everything with deliberation, as if she had devoted much time to thinking it out, yet her interpretations always show that she has a keenly musical nature. Her tone, both in cantabile playing and in passage work, is admirable. On the whole, she makes the impression of a great talent that is not yet wholly developed; she must acquire more depth in Beethoven and more effective climaxes in general. But she is a young pianist from whom much may be expected.

That the old Scotch melodies and rhythms take our public was evidenced by the refrains which were whistled by all sorts, big and little, during the Harry Lauder engagement, and since. If that clever piece of humanity shows the public there is something for it besides the ever-present rag-time, he has done much. In addition to the fascinating bits played by the orchestra between acts, we should remember "Johnnie McGill," "Auld Reekie," "The Hessian's March," in modern dress called "Where Gadie Rins," and a host of others that have all the perquisites of popular music and only need to be heard to become popular.

Among the main compositions to be played by the Flonzaley Quartet in the three programs it is to give in Boston

THE GRAPHIC

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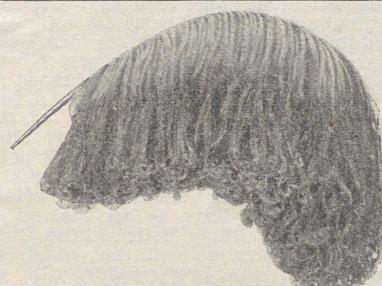


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are Beethoven's op. 18, No. 6, quartet, Smetana's "Aus Meinen Leben," Chausson's wonderful adagio from his unfinished quartet, a scherzo from Max Reger's quartet op. 74, the opus 74 by Beethoven, and Robert Schumann's quartet in A minor. This unsurpassed organization will play here in April, and all dates on the way here are rapidly being filled.

It is said that nineteen German cities support symphony orchestras from the city treasury.

Carl Halir, the second violin of the Joachim Quartet, and prominent in the violin musical world for many years, having held a high position in Germany as a violinist and teacher, died last week in Berlin.

Carl Zerrahn, who came to this country in 1848 and has been a power all these years in building up music in America, passed away December 29 at the age of 84. He was the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston for forty-two years.

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By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Mrs. E. H. Barnore of Alvarado terrace, buffet luncheon and bridge, in compliment to Mrs. W. P. Dunham of Raymond, Ariz. Mrs. E. F. Bogardus, informal card party at her home, Western and Sunset avenues.

TUESDAY—Mrs. J. S. Chapman of North Soto street, informal afternoon affair in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Ervin McMillan.

WEDNESDAY—Wedding, Miss Clara Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of 1153 West Twenty-seventh street, to Mr. S. Fritz Nave of Coronado, at the home of the bride's parents, at noon. Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, reception at the Ebell Club for several of the season's debutantes. Mrs. Edward L. Doheny and Mrs. J. Crampston Anderson, card party at the home of the former in Chester place. Mrs. Donald Keeler of New Hampshire street, dinner party of ten covers. Mrs. Walter Raymond, reception at Hotel Raymond.

FRIDAY—Mrs. William May Garland, West Adams street, large tea, in the afternoon, followed by a dinner dance in the evening. Mrs. George A. Caswell and Mrs. Eugene Overton, 631 West Twenty-third street, reception. Mrs. Edwin J. Brent, Berkeley square, bridge luncheon, complimentary to the women who assisted her at the recent reception at which she was hostess. Mrs. George Francis Miles and Mrs. Ward Chapman, at the home of the latter, 254 North Soto street, luncheon of twenty-two covers for Mrs. Ervin McMillan and Mrs. G. F. Miles, Jr.

Society folk this week have been dividing their time between preparations for the Kirmess and aviation parties. The latter attractions, however, for the time being have proved the more alluring feature, and even rehearsals for the big society entertainment have been of minor interest, temporarily, while men and women have had a common interest in the discussion of aviation. Box parties, luncheons, followed by motor trips to the meet, and box parties there, succeeded by dinners later, all have provided a source of diverting pleasure for the members of the smart set. For next week any number of similar entertainments are planned, then, following the close of the aerial contests and exhibitions, society will turn its attention to the Kirmess, which it is promised will be one of the most brilliant and successful events of its kind ever given in Los Angeles.

Mrs. William May Garland, who has charge of the Irish dance, which is to be one of the chief features of the Kirmess, will be hostess at a tea to be given at her home Friday afternoon, January 21. The affair will be attended by several hundred society folk, and the hostess will be assisted by about thirty married friends and the young women who are to take part in the Irish dance. Following the reception, the young matrons and their husbands, together with the maids and bachelors who will participate in the dance, will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Garland at a handsomely appointed dinner. Among those rehearsing for the Irish dance are Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Jr., Misses Gertrude King, Marjory Utley, Carolyn Trask, Virginia Garner, Edna Letts, Gladys Letts, Florence Wood; Messrs. Warren Gillelen, Jr., Bruce Marshall, Andrew Mullen, Arthur Bobrick, Hugo Visscher, Arthur Dodsworth, Maynard McFie, Arthur Bumiller and Kingsley Mamber.

One of the delightful affairs of the week was the informal bridge party given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, of the Hershey Arms, in honor of Mrs. William Averell and her daughter, Miss Averell, who have just returned from an extended trip abroad and are guests at the Hershey Arms for the winter; and also in compliment to Mrs. Roy B. Lindsay of San Francisco, who has been visiting here for a fortnight at the Van Nuys. The affair was prettily appointed, and violets and Enchantress carnations were used in the decorations. Four tables were filled for the afternoon's playing.

Of widespread interest will be the marriage this afternoon of Miss Mabelle Rendall, daughter of Mrs. Stephen Arnold Rendall of South Alvarado street, to Mr. Vernon Goodwin. The ceremony will be celebrated at 3:30 at the Church of Angels, Garvanza, Bishop Joseph H. Johnson officiating. The bride will be attired in a handsome gown of white satin, trim-

med with rose point lace. She will wear a white velvet picture hat, trimmed with a willow plume and carry a shower of maidenhair ferns. Mrs. Alexander MacKeigan, sister of the bride, is to be matron of honor. Her gown will be of white chiffon, embroidered with pink roses and made over pink satin, and she will carry a bouquet of bridesmaid's roses. Her hat will be a large pink one, with a garland of roses. Mr. Ernest Finley of Santa Rosa will be best man, and the ushers are to be Messrs. Richard Dickinson, Albert de Wit, Alexander MacKeigan and Nat S. Head. The wedding marches will be played by Prof. Wood, and during the ceremony he will play "The Rosary." The decorations will be of sweet peas and greenery. The aisles of the church are to be festooned with the blossoms and tulle bows, and the altar will be banked with the flowers and potted palms. Following the service an informal reception will be held, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin will leave for a two weeks' wedding trip. Upon their return they will be at home at the Hershey Arms.

Of more than usual interest to members of the younger set and the older society folk as well is the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Juana Neal Creighton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Telfair Creighton of 2626 Ellendale place, to Mr. Charles Kaltenbach of New York. Date for the wedding has been set for Tuesday, February 1, and the ceremony, which will be in the evening, will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, a few intimate friends and members of the family being the only guests. Miss Creighton, who is one of the most popular and attractive members of the younger set, has chosen her bridal party, and will have as her matron of honor, Mrs. William Selby. Miss Carmelita Rosecrans will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Misses Nora Sterry, Alice Smith, Irene Lowe and Rose Lippincott. Mr. Harold Bierce of Arizona will be best man. Several informal prenuptial affairs are being given in honor of the young bride-elect.

In honor of her little niece, Alice Clara Rule, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, whose third birthday the anniversary commemorates, Mrs. Frank A. McDonald of 2646 La Salle avenue will entertain this afternoon with a children's party. Pink and white carnations and maidenhair ferns will be used in the decorating, and pretty favors will be given the young folk. A big birthday cake, heart-shaped and ornamented with three candles, will form the table centerpiece. The dainty little guest of honor, who is a beautiful child of the Saxon type, fair-haired and blue eyed, will cut the birthday cake. Guests will be little Misses Laura Myers, Margaret McGarry, Katherine McGarry, Rosemarie Hancock, Laura Canfield, Daisy Canfield, Dorothy Cooper, Virginia Llewellyn, Dorothy Brown, Margaret Fulton, Dorothy Fulton, Henrietta Carson, Phyllis Walker, Elizabeth Baskerville, Gertrude McDonald, Winnifred Rule; Masters Bertram Hancock, Joseph K. Horton, Kenneth Rule and Orville Canfield.

Mr. George I. Cochran of 2249 Harvard boulevard was host Tuesday evening at an enjoyable stag dinner given at his home for fellow members of the civil service commission. The decorations were in pink sweet peas, a striking centerpiece of the fragrant blossoms being the table ornament. Covers were laid for Mr. W. H. Spalding, Dr. John R. Haynes, Mr. Milton K. Young, Mr. D. H. Laubersheimer, Mr. W. O. Morton, Dr. D. W. Edelman, Mr. F. M. Dee and the host.

Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley of Evanston, Ill., is a distinguished visitor to Southern California this winter. Mrs. Riley, who is a guest at the Madison, 50 South Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, is well known as a writer of libretti, having collaborated in many of Mrs. Jessie Gaynor's compositions.

At noon Wednesday was solemnized the wedding of Miss Rose Sabichi to Dr. Harrison Albert Putnam, the ceremony being celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. W. Sabichi, 2437 South Figueroa street. Rev. Patrick McDonnell of St. Vincent's church officiated, and the marriage was witnessed by relatives and friends. The home was beautifully decorated for the ceremony. In the living room was an embankment of greenery, potted palms



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and plants being used. The dining room, where a breakfast was served later to the bridal party, was decorated with white and pale pink orchids and maidenhair ferns, and the table was banked with the flowers and greenery. Greenery was utilized in the decoration of the hall. During the ceremony Miss Helen Tappe rendered a pretty solo. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white oriental crepe, trimmed with real lace, and wore a bridal veil and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Beatrice Sabichi was maid of honor. Her gown was of pale blue crepe, and she carried a semi-shower of sweet peas, and wore a wreath of the same flowers. The bridesmaids, Misses Elizabeth Childs of Pasadena, Clara Leonhardt, Julia Smith and June Messmer, were attired alike in gowns of blue chiffon over silk, and carried maidenhair ferns. Dr. Edwin Earing was best man, and the bride was given away by her brother, Dr. George Sabichi. Dr. and Mrs. Putnam will enjoy a short wedding trip, and after March 1 will be at home to their friends at Inglewood. The bride is a member of one of the old and distinguished Spanish families, and is popular in society circles here. Dr. Putnam is one of the young physicians of the city, and has achieved much success in his profession.

Lieutenant General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of Magnolia avenue soon will entertain as their house guests, Captain and Mrs. Hutcheson, who are expected to arrive within a few days from the Philippines. Mrs. Chaffee's sister, Mrs. William Bingham Clarke, of Kansas City, Mo., who has visited here often and has a large circle of friends, also will be a guest at the Chaffee home. Mrs. Clarke will reach Los Angeles the latter part of the month and plans to remain here several months.

One of the most delightful affairs of the week was the reception given Tuesday by Mrs. David Chambers McCandless of West Adams street for the members of the Woman's Press Club to meet Mr. John Vance Cheney. The beautiful home was tastefully decorated with a large number of Japanese palms, adorning the corners and nooks. An inter-

Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. Bannister and Mrs. Louis M. Cole. The Teddy Bears and the French Dolls will appear under the direction of Mrs. Walter H. Fleet, whose assistants are Mrs. Joy Winans, Mrs. Clara D. Baker, Mrs. E. L. Pettigrew and Mrs. C. M. Seeley. The Scotch dance is under the direction of Mrs. T. J. Fleming, who has as her assistants, Mrs. Walter Trask, Mrs. John Mott, Mrs. Willard Stimson, Mrs. Frank Thomas and Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins. Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson, in charge of the Spanish dance, is being assisted by Mrs. Henry Van der Leck, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. John T. Jones and Mrs. Willard Doran. The Polo dance is in charge of Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall, and her assistants are Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. James G. Porter, Mrs. J. H. Utley and Mrs. Roland Bishop. The women who will act as a reception committee on the afternoons and evenings of the entertainment are: Wednesday evening, Mrs. William E. Dunn and Mrs. Stephen Hubbell, assisted by twenty or thirty society women; Thursday evening, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Mrs. Earl Millar, assisted by twenty or thirty friends; Friday evening, Mrs. Cameron E. Thom and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, with twenty or thirty assistants; Saturday matinee, Mrs. D. G. Stephens and Mrs. Owen McAleer, assisted by twenty-five or thirty friends; Saturday evening, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall, Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Mrs. Frank Griffith, with twenty or thirty assisting women. The receiving parties will be in the foyer at 7:30 in the evening, and at 1:30 in the afternoon.

In compliment to the young people who are to assist in the Scotch dance of the Kirmess, Mrs. T. J. Fleming, Mrs. Walter Trask, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins, Mrs. Willard Stimson and Mrs. John G. Mott entertained Friday evening with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by a supper at the Alexandria. Guests were Misses Sallie Polk, Virginia Walsh, Mercedes de Luna, Caroline Canfield, Genevieve Wilcox, Margaret Fleming, Charlotte Wadsworth, Rita Morres, Vera Spring, Louise Fleming, Margaret McMillan, Edith Bryant, Maude Morgan; Messrs. Harrell Harrell, Marcus Marshall, Arden Day, Crandall, Roy Ward, Gillette, George Caswell, Hilliard MacGowan, Gabriel Duque, Lamb, John Garner and Hamilton Rollins.

Mrs. J. T. Stewart of West Eleventh street was hostess Thursday afternoon at bridge whist and five hundred. Nearly one hundred guests were entertained during the afternoon, and a feature was the musical program rendered by Mrs. W. J. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. A. W. Edmundson. Assisting the hostess were Mmes. Leslie C. Brand, Robert Brunton, Henderson Hayward, John Foster, Frank Salmons of San Diego, Walter Perry Story, Claude Holman, Willits J. Hole and Carl Kurtz.

Mrs. E. H. Barmore of Alvarado terrace has issued invitations for a buffet luncheon and bridge party to be given Monday in compliment to Mrs. W. P. Dunham of Raymond, Ariz.

Mrs. E. F. Bogardus will entertain Monday afternoon at cards at her home on Western and Sunset avenues.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. George A. Caswell and Mrs. Eugene Overton for an affair to be given Friday afternoon, January 21, at their home, 651 West Twenty-third street. The hours will be from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. W. L. Jones of 2096 Harvard boulevard for a large reception to be given Wednesday afternoon, January 26. Three hundred guests have been invited to the function, which will be one of the most notable of the season's events.

Dr. Carlin Philips of New York arrived this week for a visit of a month or six weeks with his mother and sister, Mrs. H. J. Philips and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of 950 West Twentieth street.

Pretty and artistic appointments characterized the wedding of Miss Dorothy Marshall and Mr. Ward Waldo Todd, which took place Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Kate W. Mason, 2215 West Twenty-fourth street. Rev. Baker P. Lee, rector of Christ Episcopal church, officiated. White and green prevailed in the decoration of the drawing room where the ceremony was performed and the couple,

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Professor Warman, an eminent author and lecturer, says: "It is far better to let the sun paint your face brown, than to have the liver paint it yellow." The land of sunshine is found every place and any place upon this earth, but in particular is this southern climate blest with plenty of God's natural tonic, therefore, we should use and absorb that which has been prepared for us. Sunshine is good for the hair, it is good for the face. It is good for the entire body.

A sun bath, with your back to the sun, is conducive of much more good than surf bathing. All of the vital cerebro spinal nerves center in the back. When the muscular system becomes contracted, nerve function is interfered with and disease occurs in the tissue controlled by the nerves involved. A relaxation of muscles, no matter how produced, releases this nerve tension and creates health in the body tissue. Considering the fact that almost every great muscle of the body has its origin or insertion at the spine, it can be readily seen why the relaxing rays of the sun are conducive to producing healthful results. The sun warms and relaxes the muscles, promotes a free flow of nerve impulse and creates normal function in the organs of the body. When relaxation cannot be secured in this way it denotes that the nerve pressure has become permanent. This condition is always the cause of disease.

during the service, stood beneath an arch of white carnations, ferns, and white tulle bows. The dining room was decorated in pink and green, carnations, ferns, and ribbons being used. Professor Wilhartitz rendered the wedding music. The bride wore a white, tailor gown with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Her maid of honor, Miss Charlotte Cox, was attired in a gown of delicate blue chiffon and carried ferns. Mr. R. R. Deming was best man. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Todd will return to this city to live, and will receive their friends at their pretty new home, 4606 Budlong avenue.

Mrs. Ervin A. McMillan, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. S. Chapman at the family residence on North Soto street since early in November, will leave the latter part of next week for the north, whence she will sail for Guam to join her husband, Past Paymaster McMillan, who recently was assigned there for a two years' stay. A number of delightful affairs are being given in compliment to Mrs. McMillan prior to her departure. Thursday of this week she was the guest of honor at a bridge party given by Mrs. J. W. Hendrick of Alvarado terrace. Tuesday her mother, Mrs. J. S. Chapman of North Soto street, will entertain for her with an afternoon affair. Wednesday, Mrs. McMillan will be a special guest at the large card party which Mrs. Edward L. Doheny and Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson will give at the latter's home in Chester place. Friday afternoon Mrs. Ward Chapman and Mrs. George Francis Miles will entertain with a luncheon at the former's home, 254 North Soto street, in honor of Mrs. McMillan, and Mrs. George Francis Miles, Jr. Covers will be laid for twenty-two.

Mrs. S. Frederic Johnson of 1739 Lenox avenue was hostess at a bridge luncheon Friday afternoon. Violets were used attractively in the decoration. This is the first of a series of three entertainments which Mrs. Johnson will give.

Mrs. Walter Raymond of Pasadena has issued cards for an afternoon affair to be given at the Hotel Raymond, Wednesday, January 19. Her guests will include society women of Los Angeles as well as of Pasadena.

Among the Los Angelans registering recently at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. William Warr, Mr. James G. Stafford, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. C. A. Stace, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wise, Mr. C. A. Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. O. Granicher, Mr. C. F. Hartung, Mr. W. T. Heger, Mr. and Mrs. Trabue Van Culin, Mr. S. M. Spalding, Mr. H. P. Miller, Mr. A. J. Pitcairn, Mr. R. P. Rhodes, Mr. W. G. Lee, Dr. and Mrs.

Hotel Alexandria

The popular ALEXANDRIA TEA is now open for the Winter Season in the Grand Salon off Marble Lobby.

Musical program daily. Neapolitan Singers and Orchestra Concerts Thursdays and Saturdays.

From Four Until Six

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W. E. Carter, Mr. A. B. Merrill, Mr. D. B. Love, Mr. F. O. Nelson, Mr. H. S. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. O'Fallon and Mrs. E. E. Hamilton.

At the annual banquet of the Riverside Chamber of Commerce at the Mission Inn recently, Mr. John D. Reavis was the personal guest of Mr. Frank M. Miller, master of the Mission Inn and retiring president of the Riverside Chamber of Commerce, and occupied a seat at the speaker's table.

Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Ruddy of 7121 Wilshire boulevard, have gone to Ocean Park for the remainder of the winter months.

Mrs. R. D. Hyer of 2101 La Salle avenue gave an informal luncheon and theater party Thursday, her guests being Mmes. D. Baker, W. Lindley of Ontario, A. H. Koebig, J. R. Haynes, H. A. Getz, G. T. Stamm and J. R. Paul of Upland.

Golf and the golf links at Del Monte seem a veritable loadstone for the northwesterners this season. In addition to the William M. Ladds, the Langs and the J. C. Ainsworths, all of Portland and Seattle, there arrived Thursday of last week, Mr. John W. Alexander and his son, Mr. Jack W. Alexander, who have been making the rounds of the course morning and afternoon every day.

Among the Los Angelans who registered recently at Hotel Del Monte are Mr. Theodore E. Burger, Mr. C. H. Haller and Mr. M. W. Graham.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Kierulff, Jr., of 857 St. Andrews place, was hostess recently at a luncheon given in compliment to Mrs. Sarah J. Meeker of Brooklyn, N. Y. Place cards were ornamented with hand-painted violets, the handiwork of the hostess. Japanese baskets, filled with violets, were used in decorating the table, and places were set for Mmes. Meeker, R. L. Smith, B. F. Kierulff, S. H. B. Vandervoort, H. Ryerson Smith, George A. Smith, William Berkeley, Miss Cary V. Kierulff and the hostess.

Mr. LeGrand Betts was host recently at a dinner party at the Jonathan Club, his guests including Dr. and Mrs. Sidney L. Darrin, Mr. and Mrs. Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Vogel, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Kesler, Dr. and Mrs. O. M. Justice and Mrs. Arbuckle.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Von Breton to Mr. Oswald Granicher, a well-known business man of this city. The ceremony was solemnized Thursday of last week at Santa Ana, Mr. and Mrs. Granicher leaving immediately after for Coronado on a brief wedding trip. They will make their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. David Blankenhorn, a bride and groom of Pasadena, have been passing their honeymoon at Hotel Del Monte. Mr. Blankenhorn is prominent in business circles of Pasadena and Los Angeles, and with his bride is popular socially. Among other brides and grooms who included Del Monte in their wedding trips were Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Wallace of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. Triplett of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dutton of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome J. Marx of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy E. Millins of New York.

Mrs. Frederick Frost, Mrs. Edwin J. Smith and Mrs. Edna Cummings will

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be at home Wednesday evenings through January and February, at Mrs. Frost's home, 1011 West Twenty-third street.

Mrs. Robert Bruce Stevenson of 1254 Eiden avenue is entertaining as her house guest, Mrs. Jean McEwen of San Francisco, who accompanied her down from the north, where Mrs. Stevenson visited during the holidays.

Mrs. Donald Keeler of New Hampshire street has postponed the dinner party she was to have given this week, until next Wednesday evening. Covers will be laid for about ten guests.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of Lake street is entertaining as a house guest, her sister, Mrs. Belle Wells of Helena, Ky.

Miss Marion Judah entertained informally Friday evening of last week with a dancing party at her home on Park View street. Her guests included members of the younger set.

Mrs. M. V. Huff of Oxford street entertained at her home Saturday with a dinner party of twenty-six covers.

Dr. L. L. Denny, Broadway Central Building, Hours 11 to 3. F3435.


**AT
THE LOCAL
THEATERS
LD**

Religious melodrama is holding the boards at the Mason this week with Wright Lorimer in the title role of "The Shepherd King." It is announced as a romantic drama in four acts and five scenes, given under the personal supervision of Mr. Lorimer. For the beautiful stage mountings, faithful costumes and incidental music the production is entitled to high praise, but the dialogue is too stilted and the individual interpretation too unnatural, from a modern viewpoint, to enlist abiding interest. Mr. Lorimer's David is an earnest, serious effort, but the star is handicapped by a hard cold, which renders his voice harsh and repellent in the tenderer scenes, and so unlike the tones of a young shepherd lad that the charm which should be there is wholly dissipated. All the lines are spoken at a fortissimo accelerando pitch, and the stage business is so painfully overdone that at times the genuflections and gyrations of the principals become fairly grotesque. Even with these drawbacks the drama is full of interest, because of the old Biblical

ploying as a vehicle for excellent individual portrayals. The play is bound to be popular so long as the good, red blood of patriotism runs in the veins of Americans, and to the responsive Burbank audiences it is a call for the wildest enthusiasm. In the role of the northern colonel, Alan Kendrick, Byron Beasley is virile and manly, with a fine perception of the tenderer qualities of the character. There seems to be no variation in David Hartford's conceptions of his many roles, yet he has the dramatic instinct and the theatrical art necessary to make his delineations forceful and interesting, even though his auditors cannot lose sight of the fact that he is acting. Harry Mestayer offers a pleasingly boyish study of the youthful Lieutenant Telfair, and David Landau does an excellent character etching in his brief appearance as Lloyd Calvert. By rights, the play should belong to Frances Nordstrom, but, unfortunately, she does not make good her title. She plays Maryland in the same key, with no subtlety, none of the delicate touches necessary to display the fight of the girl's head over her tender heart. Rather is her interpretation of the role almost masculine, lacking those shades of feminine winsomeness that so lovable a rebel as Maryland would be sure to possess. And why, in the third act, she should consider it necessary to appear in a costume resembling a negligee to be worn only in one's apartment is diffi-



MME. SEMBRICH, WHO WILL APPEAR IN RECITAL NEXT WEEK

story enacted and so earnest appear the participants that the gaucheries are forgivable. The caste is of appalling length, what with Jesse's sons, prophets, priests, followers of King Saul, bondwomen, dancers, soldiers and slaves. Brigham Royce as Saul did the most acceptable work, next to Mr. Lorimer, giving a consistent depiction of the obsessed king of Israel. Mr. Lorimer is chiefly admirable for the earnestness of his work, but he fails to present the illusion of a young shepherd lad, wholly unsophisticated. Perhaps this is due largely to the vocal handicap, but not altogether. He labors under the same disadvantage as the others in overaccenting and overacting. Simplicity of presentation there is none; the gait throughout is a rapid tempo, resulting in jerky lines and explosive passages continually. Helen Singer as Princess Merab has good looks and temperamental charm, but she, too, needs toning down to be attractive. The Princess Michael of Frederica Going is theoretic and unnatural; it is possible to represent an imperious, ambitious nature by less strident methods than those employed. The entire production, however, is pitched in this same high key, to its decided detriment. S. T. C.

"Heart of Maryland" at the Burbank

Splendidly balanced and stirring is played is "The Heart of Maryland," which the Burbank company is em-

cult of comprehension. Edith von Waldron, the new ingenue, is cloyingly sweet as Nannie McNair, yet, nevertheless, leaves a pleasing impression and an anticipation of seeing her in a more favorable role. Lovell Taylor contributes a pretty picture as Phoebe Yancy, and Louise Royce is an admirable southern grande dame.

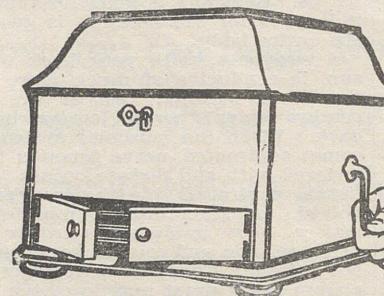
"King Dodo" at the Majestic

"King Dodo," with the assistance of the eminent Dr. Fizz, Mudge and others of his court, rules at the Majestic Theater this week with all the zest of his earlier career. In fact, King Dodo seems really to have found the fountain of perpetual youth, as the drawing powers of this well-known comedy-opera appear to be undiminished. In the name role, William Friend cavorts about the stage in laughter-provoking antics and succeeds in entertaining the audience to a high degree. William Herman West as Dr. Fizz and Charles J. Udell as Mudge and later as Boncilla, prime minister to Queen Lili, both contribute a commendable bit to the comedy element. Eleanor Kent, who is well known to Los Angeles theater-goers, appears in the character of Piola, a soldier of fortune, and her worthy portrayal is enhanced by the excellent rendering of one or two songs and her natty appearance in doublet and hose. Louise Mink gives a commendable interpretation of Angela, the king's ward, and Zoe Barnett, a local

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Gamut Club Theater-- 1044 South Hope Street Angel Town sizzling! Angel Town Musical Comedy!

See the new city administration upon the stage, as it really is—perhaps. All-star cast of Gamut Club actors. Ten comedians. Bunch of daring suffragettes and dancers. Magnificent orchestra.

This original Los Angeles musical comedy is by noted playwrights. Neither municipal officials, City Club, Chamber of Commerce, Parent Teacher Association nor other local organizations have been overlooked. Reserve your seats at Bartlett Music Store. Popular prices, \$1; gallery, 50 cents.

Evenings, January 19, 20, 21 and 22

Simpson Auditorium

BY REQUEST, SPECIAL FAREWELL RECITAL

L. E. BEHYMER,
Manager.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich

WITH MR. FRANK LA FORGE AT THE PIANO. MR. FRANCIS ROGERS, BARITONE

Thursday Night, January 20--8:15 o'clock

SEAT SALE AT BARTLETT MUSIC CO. Prices—\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

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FREE RIDES On the Chutes, Miniature

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Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.

FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice.

Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

girl, wins much praise in the role of Annette, especially in her heartily-encored rendering of the ever popular "Tale of a Bumble Bee." Osborn Clemson, as Pedro, aids in the musical numbers, and, despite a noticeable lisp, his singing is above the average in quality. A mediocre chorus supplements the singing of the principals.

"The Genius" at the Belasco

In the merry little comedy, "The Genius," the Belasco company is disporting itself joyously this week, apparently finding a deal of enjoyment in the drolleries and comical situations of the play. Lewis Stone as Jack Spencer, the young "man about town," who becomes a genius by purchasing the works of an artist, a sculptor and a composer, and exploiting them as his own, is ludicrously funny. Stone plays the part in a gloomily serious vein that is mirth-compelling, and is ably abetted by William Yerance, Frank Camp and Richard Vivian in excellent character bits as the composer, the artist and the sculptor. Only one might suggest to Mr. Vivian that a struggling

sculptor, with not a penny in his pocket, would scarcely appear in so romantically new and well-creased a garb as he affects in the first act. Howard Scott contributes a well-drawn portrait as the art critic, and Adele Farrington, is soulfully funny as Josephine Van Dusen. As the half-pathetic little model, Nell Graham, Thais Magrane does appealing work, especially in the pretty love scenes. The comedy is given suitable setting, save in the last act, where the art exhibit becomes a farce through the "supers" introduced and through the hanging of the pictures.

"Idol's Eye" at the Grand

In "The Idol's Eye," Ferris Hartman and his company at the Grand Opera House this week present a thoroughly good bill. The members of the company are well cast and give a commendable portrayal of their several roles. In the hands of Ferris Hartman and Walter Catlett, the comedy parts are brought into deserved prominence, and the funmaking is lively, winning a responsive appreciation from the audi-

ence. Hartman's Abel Conn, an American aeronaut, is a humorous chap, with a droll acceptance of his various predicaments. Mr. Catlett does especially clever work in the role of Jamie MacSnuffy, whose kleptomania tendencies keep affairs in a turmoil. His Scotch burr is particularly appealing and his buffoonery is a strong comedy element of the play. Joseph Fogarty gives a faithful depiction of Don Pablo de Tobasco. Josie Hart as Damayanti; Myrtle Dingwall as Maraquita, daughter of Don Pablo, and Walter De Leon as Ned Winner, all do satisfactory work. Muggins Davies as Lieut. Desmond is as natty and as picturesque an officer as ever trod quarterdeck. Altogether, the attraction this week at the Grand is one of the best that has been featured there since the ever popular "Tales From Hoffman" and "The Toreador" were given.

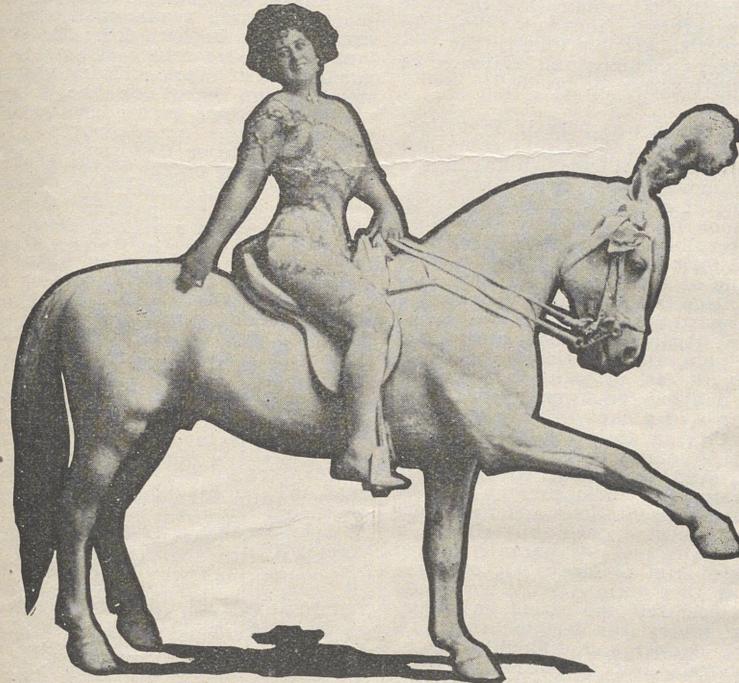
Good Fun at the Orpheum

There is a great deal of fun in the nonsense of the Two Fays and the Two Coleys, who are topliners at the Orpheum this week. They do not dance in extraordinary fashion, their singing is not greatly above par, their repartee is not especially brilliant, yet their fooling spurs the audience to enthusiasm. Among the remaining new acts the skillful work of the Four Readings in sensational flying leaps proves them as stars. Their performance is grace-

riage scene, in which Mr. Dupuy is the victim, is worth the price of admission. Other characters in the brazen production, now causing the public to shudder violently, are as follows: Mayor, Will E. Wing; Creataroara, E. Ellsworth Salyer; Heimspieler, Edward L. Doe; Colonel Rubicon, Basso M. P. Frasier; George Schmidt, Charles W. Hatch; Cremefoute, L. S. Moorehead, composer of the "Isle of Love;" Chief Tishman, E. J. Covington; Schneider, Frank B. Dunwell; suffragette band, sailors, soldiers and chorus by Orpheus Club and certain young women of beauty and dancing talent. Not only will municipal music commissioners, city officials and Parent Teacher members be nobly represented upon the stage, but the regular Republican organization also will have delegates present. City officials and the city hall force will occupy seats together in the body of the Gamut Theater the opening night, Wednesday, January 19. The City Club will have special reservations the evening following, while the Woman's Club, Friday Morning Club, Ebell Club, Mothers' Congress and Parent Teacher associations will be given special reservations Friday evening, January 21.

Offerings Next Week

Theatergoers of Los Angeles will have another opportunity to pass judgment on a new play Monday night,



LA TITCOMB, ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

ful with a display of strength and agility not often excelled. The Klein Family has a cycling act which, although it savors of all cycling turns, still possesses a number of new features, and is lightened by the comedy work of a youngster in burnt cork and absurd make-up. The chief merit of the turn of Carl Nobel, the Scandinavian ventriloquist, lies in the eccentricity of his "dummies." Their appearance touches the risibles, but Mr. Nobel's powers as a ventriloquist fall far below the standard of predecessors in his line. Holdovers are Eva Taylor and her players in a comedy novelty, "Dremona," Stella Morrisini and her wolf hounds, Florence Bindley and Harry Forx and the Millership Sisters.

"Angel Town" at Gamut Theater
Charles Farwell Edson, the basso who has led the Gamut hosts to success in the last year as chief executive, will appear in "Angel Town," the musical comedy which promises not only to step heavily upon the Good Government administration, but chirp up the defeated candidates. As Mr. Edson is president of the Municipal Music Commission, one of the organizations which will receive much attention at the hands of audacious Gamut comedians, it is difficult to understand what coercion has been practiced to pull him into the big, all-star cast. Joe P. Dupuy also has fallen into the snare. He not only will appear, but also will render a solo, "The Isle of Love," a song which has caught the country in its magical grip. The mar-

when Porter Emerson Browne's comedy drama, "The Spendthrift," will have its first production on any stage. Mr. Browne is a well-known magazine writer, and his play, "A Fool There Was," is being given by Robert Hilliard with great success. The Belasco company's production of "The Spendthrift" is made by special arrangement with Frederic Thompson, who will present the play at the Hackett Theater early in the spring. The two central figures of the play are a young New York broker and his wife. To all appearances the broker is successful, but in reality he is on the brink of ruin, through the extravagances of his frivolous spouse. With the knowledge of her husband's trouble, and seeking to extricate him, the wife borrows \$20,000, without security, from a mutual friend. Naturally, the husband questions the motive which inspired the loan, and in a strong scene he denounces his wife. Lewis Stone will have the part of the young husband, and Thais Magrane will be seen as the wife. Richard Vivian will have a comedy role, while Miss Lewis, Miss Farrington, Mr. Yerance, Mr. Scott and the remainder of the Belasco company will be found in congenial roles. Following the performance of "The Spendthrift," the Belasco company will present, for the first time on any stage in the west, Paul Wilstach's new play, "Mrs. Eastman's Pearls."

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, including a Saturday mat-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Aviation Meet DOMINGUEZ STATION Today and Daily
First in America--Jan. 10 to Jan. 20, Inc.

Daily contests in speed, distance and endurance.

\$80,000 in Prizes--World's Biggest Balloons

Seat sale now open at Hamburger's store, Pacific Electric Station, and Bartlett Music Co., opposite City Hall.

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Box Seats, Single, \$1.50, or \$1 and Admission

Autos Parked Suitable Locations, \$1 per Passenger and Admission.

THIRTY FLYING MACHINES--Trains Every Two Minutes Direct to Main Entrance Aviation Camp.

Sunday Meet--Employees' Day A BIG DAY

Morosco's Burbank Theater

OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager.

Los Angeles Leading Stock House.

MATINEE TOMORROW LAST TIME TONIGHT--"THE HEART OF MARYLAND."

Matinee Tomorrow. All Next Week. Matinee Saturday.

The incomparable Burbank stock company in David Belasco and H. C. DeMille's great drama of love and finance

MEN AND WOMEN

ANOTHER BIG SUCCESS.

SECURE SEATS NOW. Regular Burbank prices: 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c. Gallery, 10c.

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MATINEE TODAY

LAST TIME TONIGHT--"KING DODO."

All Next Week.

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The Totem Pole Musical Comedy,

THE ALASKAN

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ALL LAUGHTER

RETUNED.

WITH RICHARD F. CARROLL AND GUS WEINBURG.

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. A few front rows, \$1. POPULAR MATINEES.

Belasco Theater

BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Props. and Mgrs.

Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.

Beginning January 17, 1910, LEWIS S. STONE and the Belasco Theater Company present, for the first time on any stage, Porter Emerson Browne's new comedy drama,

THE SPENDTHRIFT

By special arrangement with Frederic Thompson.

TO FOLLOW: Paul Wilstach's new detective play, "Mrs. Eastman's Pearls."

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager.

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Henry VIII--Thursday and Saturday nights.

Merchant of Venice--Friday night and Sat. Mat. PRICES 50c TO \$1.50.

Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

Matinee Every Day.

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 17

THE ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW Direction Martin Beck.

La Titcomb, Ida O'Day & Co.,

The Singer on Horseback "A Bit of Old Chelsea"

Night in a Monkey Music Hall, The Klein Family,

Presented by Maud Rochez German Comedy Cyclists

Melville & Higgins, Fay, Two Coleys and Fay,

"Just a Little Fun" Uncle Tom to Vaudeville

Hyman Meyer, Four Readings,

The Man at the Piano Equilibrists and Flying Leaps.

Nights—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Daily—10c, 25c, 50c.

Grand Opera House

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 16, 1910.

Ferris Hartman and his big singing and dancing company

will offer the big blue ribbon \$1,000 Royal Musical Show.

With Ferris Hartman in the role of "BLUE JAY."

POPULAR Hartman prices.

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



"Only in the modern city have men concluded that it is no longer necessary for the municipality to provide for the insatiable desire for play," writes Jane Addams in "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets." The Greeks held their games a part of religion and the daily life, and had from their poets their highest utterances when the sense of pleasure was released. In the middle ages the knights held tournaments, the guilds their pageants, the church its festivals, only in this industrial age, when labor is continually more monotonous and exacting, has this dangerous experiment been tried of leaving the ardor of youth to find its own unguided ways of expression. Miss Addams sees in this, not only a menace to youth and its spiritual welfare, but a menace also to industry itself, as it devours what it must live upon.

Never before in the history of cities were so many eager young creatures gathered together; never were they so free of restraint, never so weary of body and burdened of mind. And what has the municipality provided for this need which it has created? Saloons, dance halls, moving picture shows and the chutes! This, ever since Oliver Cromwell's soldiers shut up the people's playhouses and destroyed their pleasure fields. So the business of recreation has been turned over to the unscrupulous and evil-minded, who debase to their older uses this precious force which belongs to youth alone. In the crowded districts the girls and youths have nowhere to meet and indulge the thirst for companionship, except the streets or the cheap dance halls. Nowhere is there beauty and inspiration, nowhere a chance for the imagination to lift their minds above vulgarity and banality.

Youth has a right to demand these opportunities. Municipalities must provide them, not only in justice but in self-preservation. The youth must be saved to his ideals, must be given means of connecting the aspirations of his soul with the hard conditions of his daily life; otherwise, he puts into crime the energy and imagination which, rightly directed, would be reflected in his industrial product. That he responds eagerly to forms of art is proved by the success of the Children's Theater in New York, and the flourishing dramatic clubs in all the settlements and social centers. At the Hull House Theater, in Chicago, they are besieged by children wishing to take part in plays by Shakespeare, Schiller and Moliere. The fancy of youth must and will be fed; how long will the responsibility be shirked by the authorities?

The remedy is simple enough; municipal play grounds, recreation centers, municipal bands and concerts where music is good and cheap, but above all, games—active participation in play, where the body serves the mind. This alone puts wings to the spirit. After twenty years of loving service among the child workers of a great city, where crime and degradation are the too frequent story, Miss Addams believes that the natural instinct of youth is joy and idealism, irrespective of birth and position, and she pleads their cause with the clear wisdom that has made her such a power for good. ("The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets.") By Jane Addams. The Macmillan Co.) M. H. C.

"War on the White Slave Trade"

"War on the White Slave Trade" is the title of a compilation of timely articles, edited by Ernest A. Bell of the Illinois Vigilance Association for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic, outlining the efforts of a world-wide group of consecrated philanthropists to stamp out the most damnable "business" known to commerce, the systematic procuration of countless thousands of unsuspecting or foolish maidens, sacrificed yearly on the altar of passion and lust. Since a great part of the victims are proved unwilling captives in these hells upon earth, it is a dark and sad subject, one about which only desperate need excuses publicity. Few there are who know that this is a "traffic with local, interstate, national and international ramifications. That

it has the complete outfit of a large business; large capital, representatives in various countries, well-paid agents and able, high-salaried lawyers." That it has "clearing houses" or "distributing centers" in nearly all the larger cities; and that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is from \$15 up, and the selling price is from \$200 to \$600 and even up to as much as \$800 to \$1,000; that this syndicate made about \$200,000 last year, just a part of the financial end in this unthinkable commerce; that its victims are numbered yearly by the thousands and include not only the peasant girls of European villages, but also the farmers' daughters of this country, comprising the uneducated and wholly ignorant and others who have enjoyed good education. The recitals are astounding, heart-rending, maddening. Black slavery changes hue by comparison. Nor are these the croakings of timid alarmists or the gushings of sentimentalists; they are the sober, purposeful reports of men and women who know whereof they speak.

So alarming has the social disease grown that conservative lawmakers are taking notice, and in May, 1904, an international agreement was entered into for the repression of the traffic, while various societies, conspicuous among which is the International Vigilance Association and its branches in nation and state, which have done so much for these poor women, have been working tirelessly through law and society to check the evil, with the result that the public conscience is beginning to show signs of quickening. Investigations are disclosing need for drastic and prompt action. California comes in for her share of shame in the yellow slavery, and in the atrocious "crib system," which disgraced Los Angeles at one time, and still disgraces the northern metropolis. Methods of procurers, in instances; the horrors of the "gilded halls of shame," the fallacy of the protection of virtue in the provision of the lewd woman, arguments against segregation of vice into a "red light district," because of its perpetuation of the "slave traffic" and attendant grafting, the spread of disease, the organization of effort to meet the dread monster sapping at the home, the foundations of the social fabric and the national welfare, with the laws in the various states with regard to the subject and modes of procedure, are among the topics that are dealt with strongly and with utmost delicacy. Contributors represent doctors, lawyers, educators, ministers and philanthropists of America and from abroad. The appeal of James Bronson Reynolds, special investigator for President Roosevelt, and a member of the National Vigilance Association of New York, is sufficient in itself to "awaken the sleeping."

Prominent among the workers here speaking are Hon. Edwin W. Sims, United States district attorney, of Chicago, and his assistant, Hon. Harry A. Parkin, Hon. Clifford G. Roe, assistant state's attorney for Cook county, Ill.; William Alexander Coote, secretary National Vigilance Association, London, England; Charles N. Crittenton, of the National Florence Crittenton Mission; Mrs. Ophelia Amigh, superintendent Illinois Training School for Girls; Miss Florence Mabel Dedrick, missionary of the Moody church, Chicago; Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, of Northwestern University Medical School; Dr. William T. Belfield, of Rush Medical College, and others well known in the ranks of modern reformers. It will serve as a mighty revelation, saddening in its awful disclosures, but encouraging and even uplifting in its display of strong souls filled with godlike love and sympathy and moved to grand endeavor. ("War on the White Slave Trade." Edited by Rev. Ernest A. Bell. Charles C. Thompson Co. (not inc.), Chicago.)

Magazines of the Month

Many things conspire to make Current Literature especially interesting just now. It presents both sides of problems, and there are so many vital things in debate. "The Most Difficult Problem of Modern Civilization" is the heading of much interesting discussion of divorce. Prof. W. I. Thomas has much to say, but the man who puts his finger most surely upon the weak spot of the marriage institution is Allan Benson. It is interesting to find Vernon Lee in an arraignment of modern art in her latest book, "Laurus Nobilis," making the same arguments that Jane Addams uses so effectively in her lately issued book on youth and city streets.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Doubtless, it was owing to my deep interest in Artist Burbank's Indian portraits and the articles he is writing relative to the famous war chiefs he has painted, that caused my eyes to kindle and my blood to tingle when, in the Old Book Shop, this week I came upon a finely illustrated reprint (1860) of the artist, George Catlin's, letters and notes on the manners, customs and condition of the North American Indians. These letters were written by Catlin in the eight years that he lived and traveled among the wildest tribes of the northwest, extending from 1832 to 1840, only about thirty years after the first explorers, Lewis and Clarke, had penetrated the heart of the western continent on their celebrated expedition through the northwest, clear to the coast. It is a remarkable narrative, in which the artist-author has modestly minimized the many dangers to which he was subjected at that early period in the country's history. Several times he narrowly escaped death, but good fortune and a fine courage combined to preserve the adventurous painter, whose motive in penetrating the vast and then pathless wilds was a desire to delineate with graphic fidelity the living manners, customs and character of an interesting race of people.

* * *

George Catlin was born in Wyoming, not the western state of that name, but the Wyoming of Pennsylvania, in the valley famous in American history as the scene of a noted Indian massacre, which took place soon after the close of the revolutionary war. George was destined for the law by his father, also a disciple of Blackstone, but after being admitted to the bar, the young man, whose heart never was in the work, sold his library and hied himself to Philadelphia, there seriously to begin to study the art of painting, in which he had dabbled for several years. The appearance of a band of Indians in the Quaker City, on their way to Washington for a conference with the Great Father, fired the artist with a deep longing to visit their country and by pictorial representations and by letters home to become their historian. In vain his wife and his parents begged and urged him to forego his mad resolve, as they termed it. They could hardly enter into the extent or importance of the artist's designs; they saw only the danger and difficulties to be encountered. But all entreaty failed, and with an outfit carefully selected, Catlin set forth in 1832 on his self-appointed mission of "snatching from a hasty oblivion what could be saved for the benefit of posterity and perpetuating it, as a fair and just monument, to the memory of a truly lofty and noble race."

* * *

I, for one, am truly glad that this pioneer artist did not permit himself to be dissuaded from his purpose. By reason of his arduous and perilous undertaking the country is immeasurably benefited and students of anthropology coming after have profited largely by his assiduous labors. Mr. Catlin, in his Ulyssian-like wanderings visited every tribe of note on the North American continent, his determination to bring back faithful portraits of the principal chiefs and leading women of each tribe being fully carried out. In addition, he made drawings of their villages, of their games, and wrote con amore of their character and history. It was a great mission on which he entered and that he pursued it, to the end, never relinquishing his task for eight years, is ample proof of Catlin's tenacity of purpose. His was the pioneer canvass in the Rocky Mountain country, and his long series of interesting letters, it will be recalled, made their appearance years before the tours of Washington Irving and others of his kind were given to the American public. Of the games and religious ceremonies of the Indians, of their dancing and their buffalo hunting, Catlin never tired, and his wonderful paintings attest alike the artist's skill, industry and great humanity.

* * *

Like our own Burbank, Catlin found in the Indians much to admire, much

to love. Both artists have based their opinions of the native redmen on their personal experiences among them and their sympathies lean decidedly to the aborigine. As one who has been with them not a little myself, I heartily endorse the earlier Catlin finding and the later one of Burbank, that the Indian in his native state is an honest, hospitable, faithful, brave, warlike, cruel, revengeful, relentless, yet honorable, contemplative, and religious being. There may be seeming contradictions in this conclusion, but I find nothing inconsistent in the summing up. I have heard much said of the treacherous and deceitful Indian, but, like Catlin and Burbank, I have always found him easy of approach, simple in his desires, hospitably inclined, kind to his children and by no means the stoic he has been painted. Read the interesting account of Burbank's visit to Chief Joseph in this same issue of *The Graphic*, and be convinced of the big heart and really noble nature of this most remarkable of Indian war chiefs.

* * *

Of all the tribes visited by Catlin, the description that most interested me—for this is by no means my first acquaintance with the artist's great work—was of his visit among the Mandans. His advent among the savage tribes in general was made easier by the strong letters he bore from the President and the secretary of war to the commander of every military post and every Indian agent on the frontier, with instructions to render the artist all the facilities in their power. Thus he bore to Major Sanborn, the agent of the Mandans on the Upper Missouri, a letter that was of marked assistance to the adventurous painter. For several weeks Catlin remained among this tribe, in attendance at its ceremonials, participating in its feasts, witnessing its games and painting the head men and women of the village. He tells of their legends, he writes of their history, and he has an ingenious theory as to their origin. He explains their partially Caucasian appearance by tracing them back to Prince Madoc's or Madawae's expedition from North Wales, in the early part of the fourteenth century, whose ten ships never returned to their own country. The theory is which Catlin strongly supports, that the Welsh made a landing near the mouth of the Mississippi, gradually intermixed with the native tribes and their offspring, who would be half-breeds, finally broke away from their surroundings and formed a tribe of their own, settling farther west. These, in turn, intermixed with the Riccares and Crows, but never wholly lost trace of their Welsh ancestry.

I am not prepared to controvert this, nor yet to reject Catlin's general theory concerning the origin of the North American Indians. He believed, with many others, that they have Jewish blood in their veins, though he would not assert that they are actually "the lost ten tribes of Israel." But he found many of their customs peculiarly Jewish. They worship a Great Spirit, or Jehovah—nowhere a plurality of gods. They have tribes, their high priests, or medicine men, the women eat separately. In their bathing and ablutions, their season of purification, their custom of separation, and their anointing, feasts, fastings and sacrificing all are reminiscent of the ancient Hebrews. These and many other traits I also have noted, and by them have been similarly impressed. The many points of resemblance are too varied and identical to be of an accidental nature. Never was I more convinced of their Jewish kinship, however remote, than at the time of the Indian uprising in 1890, when the Indian messiah was promised to appear to restore to the Indians their lands, their hunting grounds of which the white man had dispossessed them. The religious ceremonies I witnessed out on Grand river in North Dakota, under Sitting Bull's leadership, were peculiarly oriental and Hebraic I concluded at the time, and I had not then seen Mr. Catlin's work. I am glad to recall it now, especially since his worthy successor, Mr. E. A. Burbank, is writing so intelligently of the personal characteristics, with pictorial accompaniment, of the big chiefs that have come and gone since George Catlin's days.

S. T. C.

At the Local Theaters
(Continued From Page Thirteen)

inee, Louis James will appeal in revivals of "Henry VIII" and "The Merchant of Venice," in which dramas he will impersonate Cardinal Wolsey and Shylock. Aphie James will be seen as Katherine and Portia. The supporting company and productions are said to be in every respect equal to the many excellent revivals made by Mr. James in the last decade. Following Louis James, Leslie Carter will open a week's engagement at the Mason. This season she stands alone as the one actress-manager in America who selects her plays, engages her company, conducts rehearsals, and is responsible for the finished work that the public sees.

Beginning Sunday night, the Majestic will present the all new laughter version of "The Alaskan" for a week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Since last seen here "The Alaskan" has been almost entirely re-written by Richard Carroll and Gus Weinburg, who have the leading parts. The piece in its present form enjoyed a five months' Chicago engagement last summer, and has been given in the large cities of the west with great success. Detmar Poppen as "Totem Pole Pete," John R. Phillips as "Richard Atwater," Jessie Stoner as "Arlee Easton," Alice Keen as "Mrs. Good Better Best," and a number of auxiliary players will assist Weinburg and Carroll. New songs and new features have been introduced, among them a snowball scene during which the chorus peits the audience with feathery cotton snowballs.

"Men and Women," considered by many the masterpiece of the Belasco-DeMille collaboration, will be revived at the Burbank Theater as the third play in this season's series of dramas from the pen of David Belasco. The piece will be presented for the first time Sunday afternoon, and will continue through the week, with the usual matinee performance Saturday. "Men and Women" was the first play in which American methods of finance were utilized in their dramatic aspect as a background for romance. It is a story of love and banking, of Cupid and Cupid. Its characters are New York financiers and their families, together with a visitor, the governor of Arizona, and his daughter. The play enjoyed a record-breaking run upon its first production and has retained its popularity ever since. At the Burbank, Byron Beasley will play Prescott, and Frances Nordstrom will be seen as Agnes Rodman. Fay Bainter, who has been absent from the Burbank stage for many months, returns in this play, and other members of the company will have good opportunities.

Next week Ferris Hartman and his big singing company will give the first stock presentation of the famous Pixley-Luders musical show, "Woodland." This is one of the most ambitious presentations of the season, and the management is straining a point to make it a memorable occasion. Of course, Ferris Hartman will have the big comedy role of Blue Jay, about whom all the fun of the piece revolves. Edna Lorimer White, the new prima donna of the Hartman company, will essay the part of Prince Eagle. Miss White is a young woman of much personal charm, and it is promised that her voice will soon win for her the popularity she deserves. Walter Cattell will play General Rooster, Chief of Police; Joseph Fogarty will have the role of Judge Owl; Walter De Leon will play Dr. Raven; Josie Hart, Lady Peacock; Myrtle Dingwall, Miss Nightingale; Muggins Davies, Jennie Wren, and Walter De Leon and Muggins Davies will also play the famous "Hot Bird" and "Cold Bottle." The scenic investiture will be unusually elaborate and the costuming will be lavish.

Next week the Orpheum offers the pride of Martin Beck's heart, the Orpheum Road Show, which will appear Monday afternoon, January 17, and for two weeks, under Mr. Beck's personal management. There are five acts in this year's road show. The spectacular number is furnished by La Titcomb, known abroad as "La Belle Americaine," and as "the dancer on horseback." Clad in close-fitting white garments and mounted on a superb white horse, she dances and sings, finishing with a skirt dance on horseback. Miss

Goes East on a Buying Trip
Mr. A. H. Voigt, of the California Furniture Company, left Thursday for Chicago, Grand Rapids, New York and other eastern points on an extended buying trip to important eastern furniture centers. He will be in the east for six weeks or two months.

Ida O'Day and a carefully selected company will furnish the sketch, "A Bit of Old Chelsea," presented by special arrangement with Harrison Grey Fiske. Miss O'Day first came into prominence in vaudeville as a banjo soloist; then as ingenue in stock, and now she reappears in vaudeville as leading woman. Special scenery is used in her playlet, in which she essayes the Mrs. Fiske role of "Saucers." Moe Melville and Robert Higgins are entertainers, and in "Just a Little Fun" offer the old-time variety act. Hyman Meyer, "the man at the piano," was a hit with the last road show, and is being featured again. Holding over, to make up the local house's full eight acts, are Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, the Four Readings, the Klein Family, and new motion pictures.

Asides

Invitations have been issued by the theatrical box office attaches for the actors' grand ball, which will take place at Goldberg-Bosley Assembly Rooms, Friday, January 20. Hosts for the evening will consist of the treasurers and assistants of the Mason, Grand, Orpheum, Los Angeles and Auditorium theaters. The affair is to be exclusively for actors, newspaper people and "first-nighters." The beautiful Edna Goodrich, on the arm of H. C. Wyatt, will lead the grand march, and such notables as Louis James, Aphie James, Leslie Carter, Nat Goodwin and the celebrities of the Orpheum Road Show will be guests of honor. Many of the local actors have accepted invitations, among them Lewis Stone, Thais Magrane, Ferris Hartman and his happy family. An elaborate scheme of electrical decoration has been evolved and special features will be offered for the entertainment of guests. Dancing will begin about 9 o'clock, the grand march at 12, and carriages will be called at 3.

Many reminiscences are called up by the reappearance of La Titcomb, the Orpheum Road Show beauty, who comes here next week. When she appeared here several seasons ago as La Jolie Titcomb, she occupied the front page of several of the local dailies through her escapade with a handsome young motorman of the Santa Monica line. The ardent La Titcomb took a fancy to the motorman during her daily trips to and from the seashore, and proceeded to lavish her salary and her affections on him. Despite the fact that the motorman possessed a wife, La Titcomb lured him as far as Portland, where the warmth of her infatuation cooled, and the motorman returned to his forgiving wife, a sadder and wiser man. The incident did not appear to ripple the placid pool of Madame Titcomb's existence, and the free advertising she received put all press agents to shame.

Charles B. Hanford, who has been associated with Shakespearean drama for so long that his name seems almost inseparable with that of the ancient bard, has answered the demand for modern drama, and this season is appearing in the Broadhurst-Dazey comedy drama, "The American Lord." His wife, Miss Marie Drophnah, is playing with him, in the role of Mrs. Westbrooke, an English woman of noble family. Mr. Hanford and his company will appear at the Majestic the week of January 23.

What mysterious events are transpiring in San Francisco can only be guessed at, but the fact that Captain Jones and John Blackwood, the latter braving the cold of the north despite his gout—have both deserted the Rialto to make a trip to the northern burg, seems an omen that there are "things doing" in the theatrical line. Meanwhile, Jessie Booth, familiarly known as "Jessie, the beauteous Private Secretary," is keeping the wheel of progress at the Belasco well oiled.

Fay Bainter has resigned from the Belasco company and, after an absence of many months, will reappear at the Burbank next week in "Men and Women."

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What Every Woman Knows

For the last few weeks, Miss Maude Adams has been at the Empire Theater with the Barrie play, "What Every Woman Knows," that proved so popular last winter. Miss Adams is always welcomed to New York, for the public knows what to expect of her. It was a happy day when she and Barrie came into conjunction, for the writer of whimsies found an interpreter who could understand his children of fancy and make them live for other people to see and enjoy. We have known and loved Lady Babbie and Peter Pan, and now we have Maggie Wylie, charming in spite of herself. Maggie lives at home with her three brothers, and is on the road to old-maiddom, for, though she is twenty-six—she confesses to twenty-six—no man has bespoken her. It is mortifying, but it is not her fault. She happened to be born without the subtle thing that no man can resist. "Charm," she says, "well, if you've got it, you needn't have anything else, and if you haven't got it, it doesn't matter what else ye have." The brothers love her dearly, and every time a marriageable man disappears from the horizon they see one more blow for Maggie, and try to make it up to her through costly gifts, the only way they know. The Wyles are self-made men, yet, in spite of their lack of education, they have an enormous respect for learning and have become the proud possessors of "ten yards of the most learned books in the language."

The opening of the play is delightful. The curtain rises on the living room of the Wyles. Two of the brothers are seated at a table, playing chess; they do not speak, they are engrossed in the game, and the audience becomes engrossed in them. They play the game to a finish, and then the one who is beaten, without speaking a word, begins to play the game over, as it would have been played if he had not been check-mated. The door opens and the other brother, David, comes in; he slowly removes his shoes, puts on his slippers and takes up his stand before the fire, and then the long silence is broken, for David suddenly bursts into poetry. It is all about love, and it reveals not his own heart, but Maggie's. He has overheard her saying the verse aloud, and he thinks her poor little heart needs to be solaced with another gift. Then Maggie comes in, and, charm or no charm, she works her way into our hearts and we know what she is to the brothers, and what she will be to the right man.

An unexpected solution presents itself. Through the window, apparently bent on burglary, comes a young man. He is after nothing more valuable, however, than the learning stored up in the ten yards of books. "Are you a poor scholar?" they ask him. "Not at all," he answers. "I'll have ye to understand I'm a verra brilliant scholar." He is uncouth, absolutely devoid of humor, and stolidly sure of his own power. The brothers see Maggie's opportunity, and a proposition is made which both accept. He is to have three hundred pounds with which to continue his education, and at the end of five years he is to marry Maggie, if, when the time comes, she wants him.

In the interval Maggie proceeds to grow violently in love with him, and bends her energies toward making herself the proper kind of helpmeet for his career. He becomes member of parliament, grows more humorless than ever and filled only with the idea of his own advancement and self-importance, keeps his bargain with Maggie, because "a bargain is a bargain." This is the situation as it is disclosed in the first two acts. Now comes the problem and its solution. John Shand allows himself to become enamored of a pretty woman, through whose ministrations he has rubbed off some of his gaucheries and learned the gentle art of lovemaking. Maggie must win his love and teach him that she, and not Sybil Lazenby, has been his inspiration in his rapid rise. Of course, she does it by throwing John and Sybil together, until both are frantic with ennui, and the great speech which Sybil was to inspire has proved a failure. Then Maggie arrives with a new speech in time to save John's reputation for "Shandisms," and to tell him at least one of the things that "every woman

knows." But that is a thing you must see and hear for yourself. It made John Shand laugh for the first time in his life, and it will make you laugh if it does not give you a catch in your throat.

* * *
The play is delightfully Barriesque in theme, but it is not entirely convincing. He has taken a lot of exquisitely beautiful little flowers and tied them together artificially. It is not real enough to be true, and not unreal enough to be fancy. With the exception of Lady Sybil, the characters are delightful, but Lady Sybil seems a lay figure, demanded by the exigencies of the occasion. The other characters are capitally interpreted. Richard Bennett gives a striking impersonation of John Shand, and David Torrence a wonderfully lovable characterization of David Wylie. And we shall remember Miss Adams' Maggie for many a long day, with her plucky little head-shake and brave little smile. ANNE PAGE.

New York, January 10, 1910.

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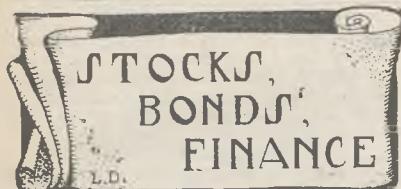
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Market conditions continue fundamentally sound, with the volume of board trading on the Los Angeles stock exchange not up to expectations. While the new year in this particular has not opened auspiciously, all indications point to a continued uplift in prices and to a satisfactory volume of trading in the near future.

Associated Oil, the market leader for several weeks, has halted suddenly, and there has been very little doing in the stock for several days. The shares show a tendency downward, as if the immediate future may be the forerunner of a considerable drop in recently manipulated high prices.

Union Oil and its affiliations appear to be in fair demand, due to the coming annual stockholders' meeting of the several Stewart oil corporations. Last year, about this time, Union was going up pretty steadily, while in the last twelve months the stock has made but little substantial headway. Unless a dividend increase in the shares comes pretty soon, the immediate future for Union does not appear to promise anything like a substantial upward tendency in the price of what are known as the Stewart oil securities.

Doheny, American as well as Mexican, stocks, betray evidences of a professional bear raid this week, due, it is assumed, to financing of new issues by the promoters of these corporations. Apparently, insiders are deserting the old Doheny oils for a presumptively new find of remarkably attractive indications.

In the industrial lists, L. A. Home preferred and U. S. Long Distance, especially the former, have regained a large part of the losses checked up against both in the last few weeks. There is no reason why these stocks should not go higher.

Several of the cheaper petroleums continue to gain in market value with Central, however, stagnant since the last report.

Bonds and bank stocks are dormant, due to dividend payments January 1, and to a continually hardening money rate.

There is no indication of life in any of the mining list, with even the best of the Goldfields at a standstill.

Banks and Banking

With the resignation of W. S. Bartlett, president of the German-American Savings Bank, at the annual meeting of the stockholders Wednesday of this week, the executive position thus voluntarily vacated has been filled by the election of M. N. Avery, vice-president of the institution. Mr. Bartlett expects to leave Los Angeles soon for a leisurely tour of the world, and with a natural desire to enjoy the fruits of his labor while he is young enough to experience the zest of travel he was moved to retire at this time. In offering his resignation to the board, he expressed his satisfaction with the progress of the German-American Savings Bank throughout the period of his incumbency as president, and to thank his associates for their valuable co-operation at all times. The directors of the bank are: O. T. Johnson, I. N. Van Nuys, E. T. Earl, Gail B. Johnson, R. J. Waters, Isaac Milbank, C. N. Flint, Victor Ponet, J. M. Schneider, P. F. Schumacher, Walter F. Haas, Joseph D. Radford, W. E. McVay, M. N. Avery and W. S. Bartlett. The officers follow: W. S. Bartlett, chairman of the board; M. N. Avery, president; W. E. Avery and J. D. Radford, vice-presidents; J. F. Andrews, cashier, and R. P. Hillman, assistant cashier.

At the annual stockholders' meeting of the City and County Bank the following directors were chosen: Fred E. Pierce, Irving S. Metzler, E. L. Blanchard, H. P. Spencer, Bradner W. Lee, John H. Foley and A. W. Sanborn. The officers elected are: Fred E. Pierce, president; Irving S. Metzler, vice-president; H. P. Spencer, secretary and cashier. Plans were adopted for the increase of capital to \$200,000.

Plans are being drawn for the erection of a new home for the Federal Bank, at the corner of Avenue Twenty-two and North Broadway. At the an-

nual meeting of the board of directors of this bank, W. D. Woolwine was elected to succeed W. R. Clark as president. George Chaffey was re-elected vice-president, and Maynard Gunsul vice-president and manager. J. H. Goodhue was re-elected cashier. The paid-in capital of the Federal Bank has been increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000. The authorized capitalization is \$100,000. The new manager, Mr. Gunsul, was formerly a well-known business man of Albuquerque, N. M.

Tuesday was the day of the annual election of officers and directors of the nine national banks of the city for the current fiscal year. The directorates and list of officers of the Commercial National, the Farmers and Merchants' and the National Bank of California were named without change. Following are the banks and their officers and directorates:

Commercial National Directors—Leopold Winter, Z. T. Cole, Philip Forve, C. C. Chapman, S. A. Bulfinch, H. W. Chase, F. L. Wilson, J. W. McKinley, W. A. Bonyng, C. N. Flint, Newman Essick, Joseph Burkhardt, J. E. Carr and L. E. Shepherd. The officers are: W. A. Bonyng, president; Joseph Burkhardt, vice-president; Philip L. Wilson, vice-president; Newman Essick, cashier; R. S. Heaton, assistant cashier. Farmers and Merchants' National Directors—I. W. Hellman, I. N. Van Nuys, I. W. Hellman, Jr., M. M. Potter, W. G. Kerckhoff, I. B. Newton, C. E. Thom, Kaspary Cohn, C. A. Ducommun, D. A. Hamburger, H. W. O'Malley, J. A. Graves, Walter Lindley, W. Lacy, T. E. Newlin, E. L. Doheny, H. M. Wheeler, O. M. Soulen and Oscar Lawler. Officers are: I. W. Hellman, president; J. A. Graves, I. N. Van Nuys, T. E. Newlin and I. W. Hellman, Jr., vice-presidents; Charles Seyler cashier; G. Heimann and John Alton assistant cashiers.

National Bank of California Directors—N. B. Blackstone, F. W. Braun, O. H. Churchill, J. E. Fishburn, F. W. Flint, H. W. Frank, E. B. Gage, Harry Gray, S. C. Hubbell, E. H. May, H. S. McKeec, H. M. Robinson, R. I. Rogers, O. A. Vickrey and W. D. Woolwine. Officers are: J. E. Fishburn, president; W. D. Woolwine and R. I. Rogers, vice-presidents; G. W. Fishburn, cashier; and C. W. Prollyus, assistant cashier.

Merchants' National Bank chose W. L. Valentine to occupy the place left vacant by the recent death of Percy R. Wilson, the directorate being as follows: W. A. Barker, N. Bonfilio, G. T. Boschiell, L. C. Brand, D. K. Edwards, W. L. Graves, M. A. Hamburger, Marco H. Hellman, I. H. Hellman, W. H. Holliday, F. M. Lyon, H. T. Newell, E. T. Stimson, W. E. Telier and W. L. Valentine. The officers are: W. H. Holliday, president; Marco H. Hellman, vice-president and cashier; W. L. Graves and H. T. Newell, vice-presidents; J. H. Ramboz, assistant cashier.

First National has on its directorate, F. Q. Story, J. O. Koepfi, John Murphy, G. E. Bittinger, W. C. Patterson, H. Jevne, E. J. Marshall, J. S. Graves, M. H. Flint, J. C. Drake, Stoddard Jess, J. M. Elliott, C. W. Gates, Walter J. Trask and John B. Miller. This number comprises about half the number of the old directorate, it being the intention to name the remainder as members of the board of the new Los Angeles Trust and Savings Company, which is controlled by the First National. The officers of the latter bank are: J. M. Elliott, president; Stoddard Jess, C. E. Bittinger, W. C. Patterson and J. S. Graves, vice-presidents; W. T. S. Haunond, cashier; and A. C. Way, E. W. Coe, E. S. Pauly and A. B. Jones, assistant cashiers.

National Bank of Commerce named H. J. Stave, cashier, and H. M. Poffin, assistant cashier. The remainder of the officers are: F. M. Douglas, president; John Harlan, J. A. Murphy and Charles Ewing, vice-presidents. The directorate reads as follows: W. J. Sherriff, C. P. Crowell, John Harlan, J. A. Murphy, Walter J. Wren, C. T. Hong, P. A. Thompson, J. S. Dodge and F. M. Douglas.

Central National Bank added William Garland to its directorate and named C. S. Albro as assistant cashier. The directorate complete consists of G. W. Scott, O. T. Johnson, Niles Pease, L. Lindsay, C. T. Crowell, Dean Mason, S. F. Zombro, R. H. Howell, Robert N. Bulla, T. E. Gibson and William Garland. The officers are: S. F. Zombro, president; James B. Gist, cashier; J. R. Matthews, vice-president; and A. M. Beaman and C. S. Albro, assistant cashiers.

Citizens' National Bank selected for its board of directors: R. J. Waters, J. Ross Clark, L. W. Binn, J. M. Hale, E. L. Doheny, M. J. Connell, W. J. Hale, Frank C. Bolt, John H. Norton, C. A. Canfield, Robert Hale, John J. Fay, Jr., A. J. Waters, F. X. Pfaffinger, William Rhodes Illeyey, Orra E. Monette, M. J. Monette, L. J. Christopher, R. J. Waters was elected president; A. J. Waters, vice-president; J. Ross Clark, second vice-president; and William W. Woods, cashier.

Work has been begun on the new two-story building for the El Centro National Bank.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Much interest is being manifested by Pasadena citizens in the special election to be held January 26 for the voting of bonds for the purchase of the three Pasadena water companies. The bonds to be voted will be for \$1,200,000. Of this amount \$200,000 will be used for improvements to said plants and \$1,000,000 for the purchase of same.

Bonds in the amount of \$13,000 were voted Saturday last by Elsinore citizens for the building of a new high school. The structure will be of two stories, one located on a knoll, overlooking Lake Elsinore. The building will cost about \$14,400, which sum will be made up by the \$800 premium and the \$600 in the treasury.

Sealed bids will be received by the

Los Angeles supervisors, up to 2 p.m. January 26, for the purchase of the Hollywood union high school district bonds in the sum of \$100,000. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount of bonds.

Los Angeles councilmen are planning a new call for a harbor and power bond election, to be held February 16, and will include a Hollywood voting precinct in it. The election for the consolidation of Los Angeles and Hollywood will take place January 24.

Supervisors of El Centro will receive bids, up to 2 p.m. February 7, for the purchase of bonds of the Picacho school district in the sum of \$2,000, to bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Certified check must be for 5 per cent of amount of bonds.

Electors of the Los Feliz school district, Hollywood, will hold an election January 29 to vote bonds in the amount of \$3,000 for the purchase of school lots, building, etc. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

At a special election to be held in Alhambra, February 7, bonds in the sum of \$100,000 will be voted for the acquisition of one or more park tracts. It is stated that the residents are in favor of the issue.

Bonds in the sum of \$6,000 will be voted upon by the electors of the Randolph school district, Fullerton, Cal., January 29. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Members of the Los Angeles board of supervisors have sold the Hudson school district bonds in the sum of \$4,000 to the James H. Adams Co., at a premium of \$33.50.

Cheap Fuel and Power on Coast

Writing from San Francisco to the New York Evening Post, a correspondent of that well-informed journal notes that the more prosperous feeling on the coast is due, undoubtedly, to increasing business activity in many lines, among which the most prominent is the increased output of the mines, fields and factories. The mineral output of California, for instance, has increased steadily and rapidly for several years past, and for 1909 will probably reach a total value of something like \$75,000,000. The most notable increase has been in petroleum, which has risen from 4,000,000 barrels in 1900 to 34,000,000 in 1905, and probably to 50,000,000 in 1909. This development, making California the largest producing state in the Union, has given a tremendous stimulus to local manufactures, and they must now be ranked among the important factors in the state's economic resources. The total value of the output of the factories in 1908 is variously estimated at from \$500,000,000 to \$600,000,000; for 1909 it will undoubtedly be 25 per cent greater. In this connection emphasis should be laid on the great development of hydroelectric power. Within a few years, capital has seen the advantage and possibility of utilizing the great source of wealth which lies in the waters of the Sierra Nevada and the coast ranges, and the development is going on with astonishing rapidity. The twelve months just closing has seen no diminution in this activity. It is now computed by competent engineers that the plants already in operation have a total capacity of 466,000 horsepower, and still newer and larger ones are being planned. Fully 75 per cent of the feasible waterpowers are in private ownership, mainly in the control of four large light and power corporations. At the present moment negotiations are in progress for two new hydroelectric enterprises, which, together, will involve an investment of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. It is obvious that the possession of cheap power and cheap fuel must ultimately mean much to a region which is likewise peculiarly rich in mineral deposits.

Central National Bank added William Garland to its directorate and named C. S. Albro as assistant cashier. The directorate complete consists of G. W. Scott, O. T. Johnson, Niles Pease, L. Lindsay, C. T. Crowell, Dean Mason, S. F. Zombro, R. H. Howell, Robert N. Bulla, T. E. Gibson and William Garland. The officers are: S. F. Zombro, president; James B. Gist, cashier; J. R. Matthews, vice-president; and A. M. Beaman and C. S. Albro, assistant cashiers.

Citizens' National Bank selected for its board of directors: R. J. Waters, J. Ross Clark, L. W. Binn, J. M. Hale, E. L. Doheny, M. J. Connell, W. J. Hale, Frank C. Bolt, John H. Norton, C. A. Canfield, Robert Hale, John J. Fay, Jr., A. J. Waters, F. X. Pfaffinger, William Rhodes Illeyey, Orra E. Monette, M. J. Monette, L. J. Christopher, R. J. Waters was elected president; A. J. Waters, vice-president; J. Ross Clark, second vice-president; and William W. Woods, cashier.

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